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REDIVIVA

REDIVIVA

A DRAMA

BY

L. C. INNES.

"He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

—TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

THIRD EDITION—REVISED

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO. LTD.

1898

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PREFACE

THIS Drama was originally published by me in India in 1874, but with considerable alteration and revision assumed substantially its present form in 1877. The present Edition is almost a reproduction of that of 1877; one scene is remodelled, and another altered; and there are a few verbal alterations here and there.

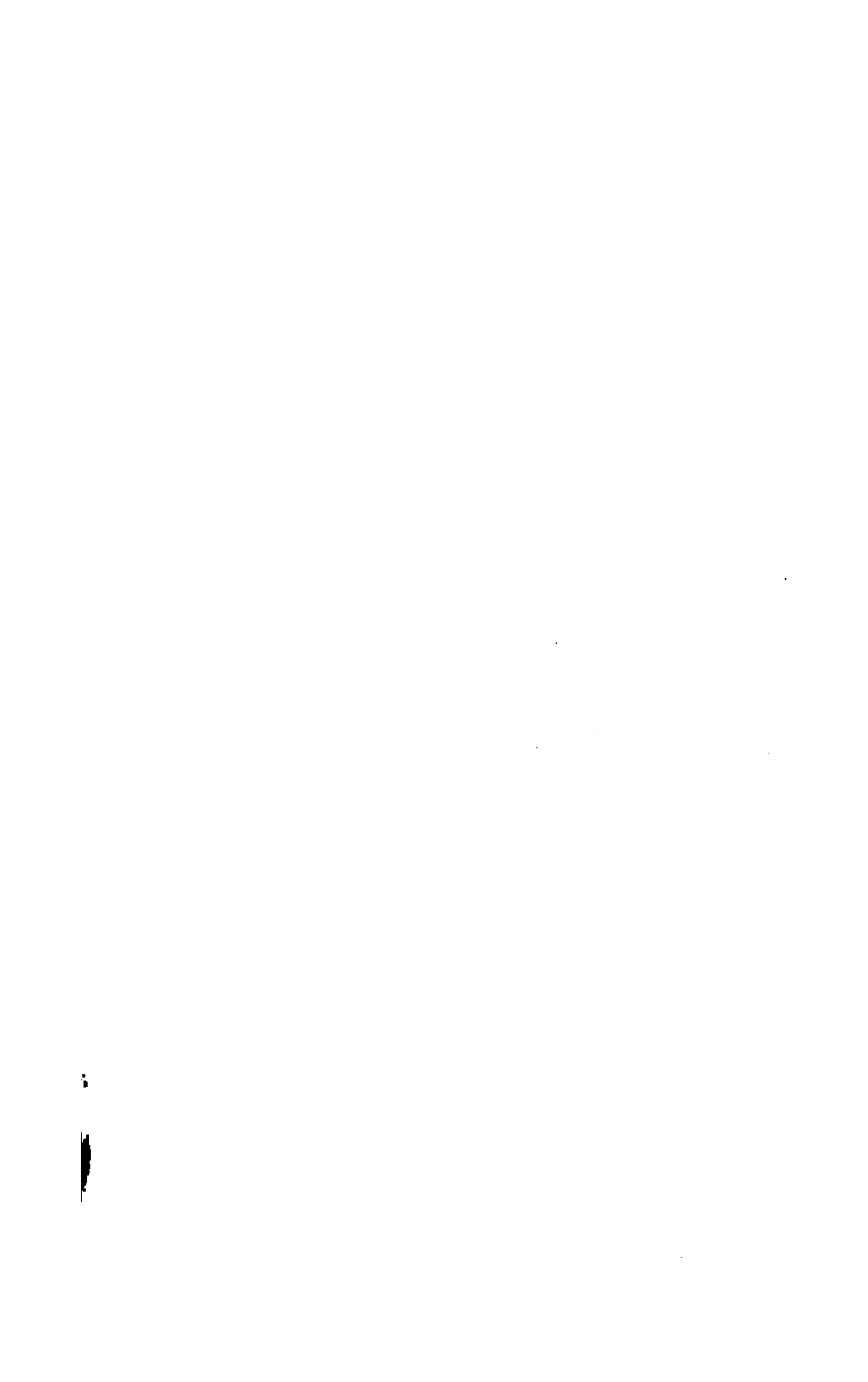
L. C. INNES.

SEVENOAKS, 1898.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
ARGUMENT	i
INVOCATION TO BRITAIN	3
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	5
THE PLAY IN FIVE ACTS	7
APPENDIX	151
ANALYSIS	153



REDIVIVA. A DRAMA

ARGUMENT.

A LOVER was separated from his mistress, Rediviva. He was to wander, and she was to sleep for a long period. At the time appointed he returned, but could not find her. Three powerful influences which had devastated the family property before her falling into the trance, had been brought into subjection by a mighty Lord, whose successors had recovered and consolidated the estates, and formed them into a large kingdom, which they held in trust for Rediviva.

Rediviva's title as ruler of this land was "the Lady Paramount," and the lover was divinely directed to unite himself with the Lady Paramount whom he had not seen and did not know to be the same as

ARGUMENT

his lost Rediviva. Supposing Rediviva to be dead, he reluctantly acquiesced in this direction, and prepared himself to comply with it at the proper time. One day, happening to meet her but not knowing who she was, he was so much affected by her beauty that he determined, come what might, not to unite himself with any but her. In obedience to divine behests he sought an interview with the Lady Paramount, still in ignorance that she was the same as his lost Rediviva. The Lady Paramount overheard him soliloquizing, but, from misunderstanding what he said, being led to form an erroneous impression of his character, sent word to him that she would not receive him. He then went in search of the unknown beauty. For turbulent behaviour in pursuit of this object he was sent into banishment, but not until he had made the discovery that the Lady Paramount, his new love and Rediviva were the same. After various adventures they were united.

TO BRITAIN

SHE wakes ! She wakes ! Do Thou too rise.

Rise to thy gathering task. Let fall

The scales that blind thy sight to all

The grandeur of this grandest prize.

Scorn not the paths of bygone days ;

'Tis good to keep the well-marked groove

Of old tradition, while we move

Far onward into broadening ways.

This compass thou ; and further strive

To lose the trader in the King ;

Nor look on empire as a thing

Whence thou shouldst paltry gain derive.

Draw gain from this ! Forbid the thought !

Pay rather with thy richest means.

Make haste to tear away the screens

That hide the duty thou hast bought—

Nor dearly—let that rank attest

Thou hold'st among the nations, since

Thou dared'st thy rivals to convince

Thy sword should win—~~thy~~ rule bring rest.

Let the floodtide of progress fill

All bounds ; and put to shame the past.

Even should the dark storm's flash forecast

The doom of empire, onward still !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

REDIVIVA, *a Princess styled the Lady Paramount.*

THE LORD PROTECTOR, *under whose direction the country is governed.*

THE HARPER, *Rediviva's lover.*

THE LADY ORDER, } *Ladies of the Court.*
THE LADY REASON, }

CUSTOM, *the Guardian of Reason.*

LAW, *in love with the Lady Order.*

MISRULE, } *Three Demons kept in subjection by the*
INTOLERANCE AND } *Lord Protector.*
INTRIGUE, }

DRS FORWARDS, } *Three Physicians.*
STANDSTILL AND }
PANGLOSS, }

GAOLER.

ATTENDANTS, TIDEWAITERS AND OTHERS.

REDIVIVA, *is intended to represent a revived nationality, and*

THE HARPER, *the ancient national aspirations.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.*—*A Mountain-solitude.*

*The three Demons, Misrule, Intolerance and Intrigue
transformed to stone and occupying three
adjacent mountain peaks.*

Intolerance } Say, brother, has the messenger gone
addresses } forth
Intrigue. } To gather tidings of the looked-for end?

Intrigue. Aye, and returned as empty as he went.

I sent the Wind, who lighting on the mist
That floated up yon gorge, shooting white flocks
From off its fleecy mass, chilled it to rain.
Then loitered, toying with the lilies fair
That peep from out their ferny fastnesses

* Three evil influences anticipate a temporary release from
thralldom.

High up the hill sides, saying, "Thirsty maids,
Raise your bent heads and drink the gift of heaven,"
And kissed them as they waved their modest cups
Responsive to his greeting ; then passed on
In careless frolic, bent not on the quest
On which I sent him. Presently the heat
Upheaved the air behind him, and, its place
To take, my messenger came headlong back,
His mission unfulfilled.

Misrule. To-day my mass
Is heaving, and a pulse beats in my limbs.
I feel the end is near of these our bonds
So long endured.

Intolerance. Oh ! Master ! leave us not.

Misrule. Fear not, for at one moment shall we all
Be freed to work once more together. Thus
The doom is written. Yet expect not life
As vigorous as before, nor yet for long.
We live but for a space, and then return
To dismal bondage. Work we while we may.
I had a vision ; and I saw the Past

Built up with wise laws, that for us were death.

The Present soon inherited the Past.

But what with careless guarding, grave misuse
Of powers that rightly used would work for good—
Or what the world calls good ; strict rules relaxed ;
The grave turned mountebanks, the light gone mad
With merest pastimes ; and the heads of power
(Far from the noon-day heat and toil embowered
In haunts illusory, high raised, remote)

The times misjudging, all to ruin fell.

Then from our limbs down rolled the encircling stone
And straight to life we sprang.

Intolerance.

Joy ! Joy !

Misrule.

But hark !

'Twas not for long.

Intolerance.

Shall these our forms return

To their stone casing?

Misrule.

So the vision said.

Intolerance.

Oh ! horror ! Oh ! despair !

Misrule.

Not so. Resolve

To bear your fate like faithful instruments

Of higher powers. If henceforth 'tis our doom
To cease from act, we still in these our bonds
Clothed with the forest, robed about with mist,
Mid the storm's fury, or in scorching calm,
May watch the world's way even to the end of time ;
And take our pleasure so. Nor is it nought
That still, though indirectly, we may shape
The course of things by counsel and advice
To those who seek them of us ; at such times
For a brief space released. And you Intrigue,
Happier than we in widespread agencies
That may be worked at will, can still fare forth
To raise confusion and so stir men's minds,
When great occasion offers, to deep hate
Of grinding power—at times in person, and,
At times, through those who serve you.

SCENE II.*—*A garden. A Palace seen in
the Background.*

Enter the HARPER.

Harper. Once more I stand on long untrodden
ground,
Which seen sends back my memory through years
Of toilsome wandering, to that one sad day
Of utmost woe, when on the very brink
Of seeming happiness we yielded up
Our golden Past, obedient to behests
Then first revealed ; and by the unheeding brook,
Beneath the giant arms of ancient trees
Of which no trace now lingers, our last kiss
Gave heart for heart. And I—I wandered forth.
My days were rife with torture. Every sight
But pictured *her*. No hope but in the truth.
Of those weird whisperings—we should meet again
In after ages. She should sleep ; and I

* The Harper revisits the scenes of his youth.

Must wander. She, they said, should wake again
In joyful youth and strength to larger life.
My youth they fondly promised should return.
Poor riddle!—what could they mean? I am grown
grey

Long since, and feebleness, the natural fruit
Of age, sits on me growing with the flight
Of quick revolving years. What hope for him
Whose hoar locks play the beacon to warn off
Unwary love, proclaiming that response
To youthful life and fervour here 'tis vain
To look for ; here love's merchandize finds not
Its meet exchange? How different from that day
When flower on flower of happiness aye bloomed ;
When but one glance or touch of either seemed
To the other what was wanted to fill up
The cup of love—not brimful else—and still
Held forth for more, that never seemed enough.
A pressure of that delicate hand ; a look
That met its furtive fellow in the depths
Of soft brown eyes ; a word that in its tone

And phase of thought, would shoot at once within
The heart, and seize its citadel, where throned
Its proper Lord 'twould stir the unruffled pools
Of inmost musings deep that slumbering lay ;
A stillness that gave voice to rustling leaves
Of autumn fretting at their glory gone ;
And silence set in eloquent looks that said
“ Our pulses beat as one—What need of words ? ”
Such was the ocean of our later joys.
But in its depths there lurked a shadowy fear
Of something adverse though as yet without
A definite being. Ah ! why did we bend
Our wills to cruel Fate, in promises
Indeed most fruitful, but in act devoid
Of semblance to fulfilment ? Fate, who stands
Beside us mocking as we watch the tide,
That bears not what we look for on its wave.
'Tis vain to seek her further. Through the land
Wandering I questioned—no such name was known
As that I sought ; and when I told the tale
And asked my hearers if tradition lived

Of one who fell asleep long years ago
And had of late revived, they sneered at me ;
Asked where I came from ; whether people's heads
Had brains there ; whether lunatics were let
To wander freely ? and with such like phrase
Gibed at me. From that sleep she ne'er awoke.
False promises !—and worse, the word has come
That I the faithful lover, I whose heart
Through all my wanderings up and down the world
Kept steady on its course, while syren eyes
Along the sward or in the brilliant throng
Of festive night met mine in vain—that I
Must leave my quest, and aged though I be
Must wed the lady ruler of this land.
The strong hands that have urged me from my birth
Constrain me, and I dare not disobey.
To their behests surrender I myself.
And so to suit my poverty and age
To this divinely ordered high estate
As seems befitting—this I leave to them. [Exit.

**Enter two Officers of State, continuing a conversation.*

1st Officer of State. —And then,
Pretending doubts, demand the Registers
Of bygone years, whose records, as they deem,
Will falsify what now we have proclaimed
Of this long sleep, and looked for waking. Thus
They clamour, and the mischief spreads. The people
Besiege our doors, roundly upbraiding us.
They charge that we but put this story forth
To frame excuse for fastening on them new
And odious taxes. [*The Officers pass out.*]

Enter two Labourers.

1st Labourer. If my great-grandmother were alive
she would be able to tell what she had heard handed
down from her ancestors—who would know all about

* The public mind is excited by the story of Rediviva's return
to consciousness.

it. But what convinces me is that *this* is the very garden.

2nd Labourer. You don't say so.

1st Labourer. I do say so. This is the very place where the whole thing happened—where she went to sleep three hundred years ago and was taken up for dead.

2nd Labourer. And do they say the garden is the same as it was then?

1st Labourer. Why, bless you, it isn't the same hardly from one week to another. I never saw such people as the Lord Protector has about him. They are not satisfied when it's all neat and nice, but when all we people working here have just got to know the place, and know where to find everything, and what to do and what to look for next, they step in and change it all—say it's not smetrical or some word like that. Everything has to be pulled up and the whole garden laid out afresh on quite another plan. It is very hard to get anything to grow at this rate. [*They pass out.*

Enter two Courtiers.

1st Courtier. I saw her and I trembled, for she
seemed

A goddess. Full of tenderness her eyes
Nought seeking, at one glance read all my life.
So she passed onward. With all hearts she deals
As pensioners for whom her sympathy
Flows forth no less in deeds than kindly speech.

2nd Courtier. 'Tis said she has no memory of the
past.

1st Courtier. It is so. But the students of the
scroll

Say it is prophesied her mind shall soon,
Piercing the vistas of the past, recall
Her happy childhood's hours. [*They pass out.*

Enter REDIVIVA with two Attendants.

They pass across and out.

*After interval of a few seconds enter the HARPER
from the side by which REDIVIVA has left.*

*Harper.** Great heaven ! I have had a vision at
whose sight

All earthly beauty pales. Why constancy !
What art thou ? Yesterday my heart was fixed
On my long lost and as I then believed
My *only* love. Can that be base which sets
The current of all the noblest thoughts in flow ?
Which worshipping as best the best yet known,
On seeing a higher nature straight to that
In reverence bows ? Aye, this *is* base. True love
Is that which mates such natures that to each
The other's soul is perfect complement.
It may be there is higher, but for *them*
There is *no* higher. I am then forsworn—

* The Harper confesses to inconstancy but excuses himself.

SC. III. GARDEN ATTACHED TO PALACE 19

And yet meseems however much I strove
I could not conquer this strong passionate
If base desire, to see once more that form
And follow up my fate. To act upon
An impulse of the soul is but to take
The path appointed. Beauty and the light
Of God's own nature beaming from her eyes
Beckon me on. I'll to the garden, where
The startled echoes shall be roused with strains
Now long forgotten, and my thoughts thus soothed,
May then with calmness on the course resolve,
To which my duty points. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Garden attached to Palace.*

Enter REDIVIVA.

Attendants in the distant background.

Rediviva. Still, still unhappy! This life of state
all serves
For nothing. For to me 'tis like the wind
That blows unheeded o'er a desert waste,

Nought fostering, nought satisfying, save
 The demon whose delight it is to blast
 All earthly joy and hide in outward ease
 The breaking heart. My thoughts fly back to days
 Long past,—but dimly seen—when he still lived
 Whose life and mine were one. A veil as yet
 Obscures my memory, but 'twas on this spot
 We parted. 'Tis, though changed, the garden
 where
 I joyed to greet the young sun ; where I sat
 Embowered beneath the midday shade of trees,
 That after me would stretch their yearning arms
 At eve, as I returned.

But hark !

*The Harper unseen in another part of the garden
 sings to his harp.*

I wake : a cloud is round me
 O'ershadowing the past
 Of the sleep that has bound me
 In fetters fast.

But the cloud shall be lifted,
And hope that long has drifted,
In the haven that is found me
Shall anchor at last.

'Twould not be nought to have loved with love,
Though on our parting *here* for ever,
Our shattered reason vainly strove
The present from the past to sever ;
Or, disentangling all the thread,
Should learn the worst of woven woe ;
And look upon the loved as dead,
And love all fruitless here below.
'Twould not be nought to have loved with love—
For love shall live beyond the tomb,
And wild despair with hope shall bloom.

I.

I know of a lush-leaved garden,
Where my loved one wandered alone,
And where in the end she told me
That she yielded to my moan,

And her heart was for ever my own.

But the rich notes of the Koil
Warned us both early and late,

"Be patient ! be patient !
Yet you must wait and wait."

II.

But we gave not a thought to the Koil,
For our hearts were fervid with love ;
And marked not the laughing of flowers,
Nor the coo of the plaining dove
In the plumage haunted grove,

Yet the rich notes of the Koil
Warned us both early and late,
"Be patient ! be patient !
Yet you must wait and wait."

Rediviva. Whence comes that voice ? I cannot tell
—but hope

Long absent from me lives again at the sound
Of that sweet harp !

SC. III. GARDEN ATTACHED TO PALACE 23

[*To Attendants*] Go quickly and find out
The Minstrel. Bring him to me. I cannot rest,
But must hear more without delay. I go
To the Palace. Let him on the terrace sing,
Beneath my chamber.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Palace.*

Enter the LORD PROTECTOR, and then LAW.

Lord Protector. What news, Sir?

Law. My Lord, 'tis the State's peril brings me here.

Lord Protector. Be plain, Sir.

*Law.** Your Lordship possibly is unaware
Of how upon the terrace, day by day,
Just underneath our Lady's morning rooms,
The old Harper plays ;—and how seduced by strains
Of wildly wondrous beauty sits entranced
The Lady Rediviva, nought concerned
About affairs of State, her people's weal
Or her own happiness or comfort ; all

* *Law* is embarrassed by the excitement created by the Harper and counsels the Lord Protector to remain no longer indifferent to it.

She abandons to the one firm rooted craze
For music. We have tried to introduce
Other musicians, but she spurned them all—
Will none have but the Harper.

Nor is this

The end. He is followed by the populace,
Whose minds are deeply stirred by his wild notes,
That call up dreams of the sunny olden time,
'Ere line and rule exact and rigid reigned
O'er these bright lands.

Lord Protector. But tell me to what tends
This prelude? would you have me curb her choice
Of minstrels.

Law. Aye, I would. I'll tell you why.
There's peril to the State.

Lord Protector. Nay! nay! my friend.
'Tis too much. [*Aside*] The man's mind is over-
wrought
With public cares. Thus trifles gain a size
Portentous, and the least eventful act
Or circumstance with mischief rife appears.

Law. The prophecy—

Lord Protector [*aside*]. Oh! prophecy! his brain
Is much affected.

Law. Listen, my Lord, I pray.

The old prophecy runs thus :

“ After waking she must wed

“ Her faithful lover, who though old

“ The paths of youth again shall tread ;

“ And silver shall be turned to gold.

“ The Harper, wooing Lord, beware!

“ His harp’s a key, his age a snare.”

Lord Protector. Well! well! what make you of
that doggrel dark?

*Law.** This prophecy has now been handed down
For full three hundred years. Our ancestors
Attached a value to it. While this age
Perchance sees in it nought but jingling words,
The sages, and those versed in ancient lore,
Divine our Lady’s waking as the day
To which it pointed. You are bent, my Lord,

* *Law* hits upon a wrong interpretation of the prophecy.

On union with her. Were it not then wise
To guard against obstruction? In this verse
Meseems *you* are the faithful lover named.
And such the harmony shall grace your bonds,
That men shall say you have renewed your life,
To suit my Lady's youth. Yet first there needs
Some caution towards a Harper. If 'tis well
For the State you should thus wed, why grudge the care
Against disaster, which this prophecy
So plainly urges?

Lord Protector. Law, my friend—I thank you.

You have well spoken. Let me be alone.

I must reflect.

[*Exit Law.*]

*Lord Protector.** The Castle should be guarded.
God knows how earnestly my heart is bent
Upon this union. Grant I may be all
The world proclaims me. Grant that in this sphere
I have no equal—that the centuries past
Show none so capable, and that in look—

* The Lord Protector reflects complacently on his own greatness and determines to banish the Harper.

The index of the mind—(I blush to say it),
I far surpass the best grown of my sons—
That history could not brook that my great deeds
Should vanish from her pages, whether past
Or present, or to come—that in my mien
Lurk quiet charms that win an easy way.
Grant this and more, yet still with such a prize
In prospect 'tis not well to trust to chance.
Here is my proper mate whose soft complaisance
Corrects my sternness ; many a prejudice—
The child of isolation—puts to flight ;
Purges my eyes of dulness, and prepares me
To comprehend her greatness and her worth.
Guard me the Castle—let no soul go forth
Nor any enter. So shall she be saved
From Love's delusions—she shall no one see
But me until our union—above all
Banish the Harper. Strains like his may raise
A host of recollections of those times
When (as tradition says) she gave her heart
To one, who by his skill in minstrelsy

Wrought miracles, but who upon command
 Of Sybil voices speaking by the mouth
 Of the great Giant Three—bade last adieu
 To home and country—long since dead I ween.
 Such memories dwelt on might a barrier raise
 Against my suit. I go to see to this. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another room in the Palace.*

REDIVIVA *alone.* Attendant *enters.*

Attendant. Madam, I grieve to say he cannot
 come.

Rediviva. He cannot come! the Harper! Is he
 ill?

Of late infirmity has crept upon him,
 And daily at the doctors' hands he seeks
 Strength, which it is beyond them to bestow
 On age. But say—Is he so ill that even
 For some brief space he cannot come?

Attendant. No, Madam.

30 ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE ACT II.

He has just been arrested, and they say
Is ordered forthwith into banishment.
It is, I'm told, the Lord Protector's order.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Rediviva. Why am I stinted thus of what to me
Is all my life ? My heart with yearning seeks
To reproduce the past. A tangled cloud
Of images whose half-remembered forms,
Now clear, now fading, press upon my sight,
Floats by me—with the long forgotten strains
Of days for ever gone.—strains whose weird sound
Makes nigh the distant, brings to life the dead ;
Unlocks the secrets of the past ; upheaves
The burial grounds of memory ; vanished thoughts
And hopes and joys in vivid form restores.
With strains thus moving did the Harper while
The weary hours and help me in my quest.
Now he is banished, and my hopes are fled
Of living in the past with him I loved
In years gone by. None other care I for
Than him my memory clings to, nor is life

SC. II. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE 31

Of value, but as yielding up, though loth,
Its buried memories of my love now lost.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Madam, the Lord desires an interview,
And waits without, your pleasure.

Rediviva. Bid him enter.

Enter LORD PROTECTOR.

*Rediviva.** Good morning, Sir. To what may I
ascribe

The honour of this visit?

Lord. Madam, since
Your happy restoration to the charge
Of this great realm, whose welfare I so long
And anxiously have guarded, to my mind
One thought is ever present,—to secure
Your utmost happiness in life. And now
In reference to this I come to speak
On what, if rightly I divine, must be

* *Rediviva* and the Lord Protector are at cross purposes.

32 ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE ACT II.

To you of much concern—to me, dear lady
Of equal consequence.

Rediviva. Oh ! Sir ! I think
I comprehend you—"Tis indeed a thing
Near to my heart.

Lord [aside]. What clear intelligence !
What insight into all that most concerns
Herself and people !

[Aloud]—I am so rejoiced
To hear you say so. I had dreaded much
To face the question, for my heart had longed—
And longing led to fear.

Rediviva. Longing ! and fear !
What longing and what fear ? you seek to put
A period to my life's dull days. That I
Who am but just recalled to life, and feel
My blood still languid, wanting still the stir
That waits on health, should need companionship—
Should need diversion—scarcely *strange* can seem.
The weak are irritable ; and what soothes,
To nourishment is handmaid, and secures

To convalescence progress undisturbed.

Lord [*aside*]. Ah ! there it is ! She feels her loneliness,

She wants companionship—diversion too—

Love will come after.

[*Aloud*—Madam, if I read
Your wants aright, they may be satisfied
By henceforth having ever near you one
Who——

Rediviva. That is all I ask. Then shall I be
As happy as with memories of the past
I can be now.

Lord [*aside*]. 'Tis strange, these memories
Of bygone times, so distant that tradition
Doth scarce recall them. But I have no fear
That they will raise a barrier to *my* love
Begetting love in *her*.

[*Aloud*—Sweet Lady mine !
What joy to me to have it in my power
To make you happy !

Rediviva. Then you recall the order ?

34 ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE ACT II.

Lord. Madam, what order? There is some mistake.

I came—I came to—offer you my hand.

Rediviva. What! Sir! I have strangely failed to comprehend

Your purpose, and I feel surprised indeed
That after shattering my only means
Of joyous pastime, by the banishment
Of him whose music so entranced me, you
Should *dare* to make me an offer. [*Weeps*] Oh! oh!
oh!

Lord [*aside*]. I have much erred, I fear.

[*Aloud*]— Madam, I beg,

You will pardon me. I grievously mistook
The fitness of the occasion for my suit.
As for the Harper, he is of ill-repute.
'Tis in the interest of the commonwealth
That he has left. But if his presence adds
To your contentment, I will speedily
Recall him.

Rediviva. Thanks! oh Thanks! [*Rediviva retires.*

Lord Protector. She is mad about the Harper and
'tis plain

I must at present yield me to her mood.

But how to rid me of him? While he's here

My suit can make no progress. He is not banished,

As she supposes, only in restraint.

But I must now direct he be at once

Released from custody. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Park.*

Enter LADY REASON alone.

Reason. My hopes may range too high, yet there
are signs

Which keep them brooding at the height that they
Have soared to. Oh! may they not have soared in
vain!

Even in the crowded hall, amid the glare
Of lights, and harmony of sounds diffused
By voice or instrument, or when the dance

In rapturous wafting holds high sway, his eye
With purpose straying, me alone pursues.

Enter CUSTOM.

Custom. Ah ! child ! indulging still that foolish
dream,

I greatly fear. Unequal marriages
Tend always to unhappiness. The man
I have chosen for you, you will love right well—
He'll make you a good husband.

Reason. Guardian dear,
I yield to you in most things, but the will
Is the mere slave of love. Affection lies
Beyond control.

Custom. I entreat you to desist
From further feeding up this childish hope
Of such an union with the Lord Protector.

Enter LAW.

Ah ! Law !—right glad to see you—Come to have
A little conversation with my Ward ?

I am just off on business that requires
Immediate attention. I'll return
In a few minutes. Pray engage my Ward
In conversation till I am back again. [*Exit.*

Law. How are you, Reason, dear? To me 'tis ever
Such happiness to meet you, and to talk
On subjects great and small. Unless I find
Your mind accords with mine, great diffidence
Of my own views disturbs me.

Reason. Oh! Sir, how complimentary you are.
'Tis not your wont to be so.

Law. Well, you know,
Since it is ascertained we are of kin,
Though distant, I can now more freely speak.

Reason. Distant indeed! Though certainly 'tis said
In the old proverb that if one dies out
Of *your* stock, 'tis because a branch of ours
Has ceased to live. But is it really true
That we a common origin possess?

Law. Sweet Reason, 'tis so. Nay, my constant
prayer

And dream is that we may at length become
One—in this sense that——

***Enter* CUSTOM.**

Custom. No, Sir, don't attempt
By frittering away what you've just said,
To trifle with my Ward's affections. I
Had luckily returned in time to hear
The very words you used—what other sense
Can they convey? My friend, I think you
know
My Ward's affection for you. How she dreams
Of little else by night or day. You see
How pale she is and wasted—pining thus
For you.

Reason. Oh ! guardian !

Custom. Hush ! dear child I *will*
 Speak, for too long you have endured this *deep*—
 This *wasting* passion. But unless I err,
 I'm sure that you, my friend, reciprocate
 To the full my Ward's affections.

Law. My dear Sir,
No doubt I do——

Custom. Exactly so.

Law. —not so.
I was going to say I feel the deepest——

Custom. love—
Yes, 'tis the same thing, 'tis a better name
Than the long awkward word "affection."

Law. But
Sir, what I wish to say——

Custom. Quite right—Quite right.
I understand, I had forgotten it.

He takes REASON's hand and places it in that of LAW.

REASON faints and falls into LAW's arms.

Law. But, really, Sir, just listen to one word——

Custom. You're shy—'tis natural.—My dear children, now

I'll leave you to yourselves ; for I am sure
You would be private, just to talk it over
And arrange matters. [*Prepares to go.*

LAW *deposits* REASON *on the ground.*

Law. Pray, Sir, leave not yet.
Look after your poor fainting Ward. For me—
I have some urgent matters, which I must
At once attend to. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CUSTOM *and* INTRIGUE.

Intrigue. Ah! well met, Custom. We don't see much of you about the Court nowadays. It is a very special occasion, I know, that brings you among us.

Custom. The Lord Protector sent for me. He wished to consult me on some important matter.

Intrigue. Yes, I am sorry you have had the inconvenience of coming in all for nothing.

Custom. All for nothing! Why, how is that?

Intrigue. Well, I am a good deal about the Court, as you know, and I was just now asked by the Lord Protector about you. He mentioned to me

that you were coming in, and desired me if I met you to save you the trouble of coming up to the Palace. It seems the matter on which he wished to consult you is settled, and there is no need of your waiting on him.

Custom. Thank you, Sir ; then I suppose I can return at once.

Intrigue. Certainly. By the bye, I hardly knew you. You have grown so stout and look so well filled out. The portraits of you here which they are just publishing give one a very poor idea of your portliness, and convey the notion of a small, wizened, awkward-looking person, devoid of your reverend age and well-rounded form.

Custom. Some persons who knew very little about me, wrote descriptions of me as I was when I was quite a boy, and these have been put together by others and a fancy portrait has been drawn of me, which is quite misleading, to represent what I am now. But the fact is, I have always been growing, and of late very rapidly, and could certainly not be

got into the narrow compass of the figure they have made of me in their portrait.

Intrigue. Well, I hope we shall see you again before long. You are going back, I suppose, at once.

Custom. Yes, I shall return at once to the country, where I breathe more freely than in the atmosphere of the Court. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Intrigue. This will do. This gives me the opportunity I wanted, of offering unsuspected counsel to the Lord Protector respecting the present juncture. But I must be quick, or Custom will perhaps become aware that the question on which his advice was desired, is still undisposed of.

SCENE V.—*Shouting heard in the distance.*

Lord Protector. Again, then, all is tumult; what to do I cannot think. The Princess takes amiss
All counsel on this subject, says that all
This stir, this ferment that distracts men's minds,

And feeds the trivial talk about the town
Means nothing.—Nothing ! I must needs be watchful ;
I would not banish him or even restrain
If that may be avoided, for 'twould set
Her heart against me whom I fain would win.
The reverend man named Custom, whom I summoned
To consultation, will be here anon.

Attendant *announces* CUSTOM, *and exit.*

Enter INTRIGUE *personating* CUSTOM.

Ah ! * opportunely arrived to solve my doubts.
I have often felt how much we all should profit
If we knew more of you. I understand
You love the country—seldom let yourself
Be seen at Court or in the town. But welcome !
Most welcome ! Counsel would I have of you
How best to act in a matter that involves
The safety of the State—how without risk

* The Lord Protector asks advice of Intrigue, supposing him to be Custom, whom he had sent for to consult, but misliking the advice given him, adheres to his own views.

The old Harper to dispose of, whose wild sounds
Oft raise the mob to outrage, and disturb
Our dear bought quiet ; since in this brief space
His music has so wrought upon our Lady
And her whole following, that a fever reigns
In Court, which nothing satisfies but songs
Set by him to his harp.

Intrigue. Each service rendered
Your Lordship savours of a new delight.

Lord Protector. What think you ? Is a person of
 his stamp
Fit to attend the Princess ?

Intrigue. Well, my Lord,
If I may freely speak my mind, 'tis felt
By all that you have hitherto allowed
This Harper too great latitude. The end
He aims at, if indeed his conduct springs
From aught but blindest impulse, must be judged
By what should be the natural result
Of such disturbance of men's minds, as he
By his wild harp creates, and vocal strains

That call up many an old familiar dream,
And so arrest the attention that one's thoughts
Are riveted to them, or if drawn astray
For an instant, back they spring like to bent steel
Suddenly freed. The spirit that pervades
His songs brings danger. Flaunting the device
Of ingrained habit and of old-world pride
And pomp upon his banner, it fires the blood
Of the ignorant grown sick of these dull days
Of level rank, so barren of display,
And rule that tends to sap at leisure towers
Of precedent, whose base the northern wave *
But lightly lapping, reverently retired.
My Lord, repress this spirit while 'tis day.
Silence the Harper. From our Lady's side
Remove him. From the city banish him.

Lord Protector. Aye, but consider how his themes
of song

Chime with the general feeling, represent
The yearning aspiration of the time

* Note 2. Appendix.

That must have outlet, or 'twill overbear
All social barriers. Is it possible
To stem the flood? repress its growing power?
Or even if possible would it be well?
Far better welcome the advancing wave
And strive to turn it.

Intrigue. That this spirit reflects
The popular feeling, freights it all the deeper
With peril to the State. Our temperament
You comprehend but little. We resemble
Those magazines which a spark entering fires
Each grain at once, nor leaves one little trace
Of what just now held fast within its bounds
A mighty latent power. All you have done
Is by this spirit gradually displaced;
And what you aim at is left unachieved.
If in your inmost self you feel and know
Your course of policy is good—the best
To serve the interests of the commonwealth;
Encounter opposition, put your heart
Into your act; and all that not accords

With your set will and purpose—rather lets
And hinders you, stifle it ruthlessly.

Lord Protector. Food may be good, but yet to
attain its purpose

In nurture of the frame, its form and mass
Must suffer such a change as shall adapt it
To that it nourishes ; so a mode of rule
May prove untimely, as incapable
Of present adaptation to the train
Of popular thought ; and though by argument
You show conclusively that such a course
Of Government alone can boast to accord
With reason and good sense, yet every act
And exercise of power will only gall
And irritate ;—raise wide-spread discontent—
And thus in place of building up the State
From youth to healthful manhood, with advance
Ever to nobler stature, all becomes
Disintegrate, incapable of growth,
With disaffection latent.

Intrigue. That may be so.

-Whether 'tis living organism or State,
Either requires what not merely feeds
But withal nourishes. But when there lies
Right in your path a barrier that obstructs
All action, wherefore not remove it?

Lord Protector.

Aye,

But that you would remove is he who is
Very embodiment of this same spirit
That stirs the people. Should I banish him
Nought that I do will fructify. He is
The assimilating power which must transform
The nourishment administered, to suit
Popular cravings. Then it comes to this—
Were I to rid myself of him, 'twould be
As though I wrote on a smooth surfaced stream
That dimpling settled in calm carelessness,
Or e'er my hand had passed away.

Intrigue.

First save

The State—then build it. This my counsel is.

Lord Protector. I thank you much.

Intrigue. Good-morning to your Lordship. [*Exit.*

*Lord Protector.** I do not like the advice he gives
me. Though

A blunt and honest gentleman, meseems
He lacks of sympathy. My dream last night
Still haunts me. Deep embosomed in a wood
There rose a fair fane which methought enshrined
The oracle of Nature-touch, by me
Then first approached. It seemed as though I sought
Counsel divine in this perplexing matter.
Sudden from out the wood there rung the words

Age shall soon give way before
Potent draughts of western lore.

Whether this issued from the perturbed workings
Of my own brain, or from a voice divine,
'Twere vain to ask. But I have often thought
Of such a remedy, and in the dearth
Of other plans this it were well to essay—
To exercise and task the old man's brain
With western learning, till the o'erwrought mind
Prostrate the body ; whence excitement lulled

* He determines upon a course of education for the Harper.

A want of tone pervades him. Now he whines
And sighs and fondly talks of long past times,
As though his youth had revelled in their joys ;
Now harps on old world fables, and displays
A deafness and insensibility
To all beyond this. He is crafty, too,
Like all the weak and driven of mankind,
Who use their cunning as a shield to fend
The hard knocks of the world. His real feelings
Are difficult to fathom. Now he tells you
He ne'er felt better. If another comes
He tells him he is dying in your hands ;
And this is wrong and this, and that and that ;
Though he had just assured you there was nought
Of which he could complain. Now he will fall
Prone ; and now rushing forward strike his head
With force against the wall. My treatment then
Was this—to keep him in one groove, nor let
Cause of excitement near him. Regimen
Was of the simplest. Mentally he had
Nought to disturb him—work I gave him none

He had been used to—but the western modes
Of labour in their several kinds, performed
By workmen from the limits of the world
Were shown him—and a humble share in some
Of these was each day set him.

Forwards.

It is found

One passion will burn out another, one craze
Another combat and destroy ; one form
Of mental elevation draw the mind
From prone destruction by another. This
Would indicate a treatment of such cases
The opposite of yours. Advantage none
So far has yet resulted. You have not yet
Touched the disease. Your mode of treatment is
But palliative. Should you abandon him,
The madman in him would wake up, and all
Your labour would be lost. I would suggest
An easy training of the mind—to advance,
With growing power, to the level of our own.
At times from treatment such as this results
Rejuvenescence ; for the look of age

Is oft delusive ; once remove the rust
That overlies the character, and youth
And vigour, long o'ercrusted, stand confessed.
Indeed in this case I indulge great hope
Of such an issue to the course I urge.

Standstill. The treatment you propose, receives,
no doubt,

The approbation of a goodly part
Of our profession, but in cases quite
Distinct from this, as with great deference
I would insist ; for here we have involved
Something besides the mind, whose changing moods
Are but the index noting in degree
Proportionate rise or fall in violence
Of bodily disorder—and, not to throw
Around plain words a needless tracery
Of jargon—your proposal would I fear,
If followed, tend to aggravate fourfold
These mental vagaries, which have their source
In something that the symptomatic mode,
In which you would attack them, fails to reach.

The source remaining, what you would remove
Is evermore supplied : the mind still works
In the old grooves ; the means so used are vain
To change its course, but tend to irritate
By constant useless plying. Apart from this,
The mode of treatment, though I must admit
'Tis widely now adopted, to my mind
Has a strong savour of the current cant.*
The cry is ever "teach"—with what result?
To sharpen minds too subtle heretofore ;
Whose quickness passes ours, whose shallowness—
Child of a starved induction (for of facts
They are impatient), recognizes not
The sources of our greatness, which lying deep
Well up with constant streams to purge away
Flecks on the surface ; and perceives not that
The means will later on such fruit call forth
As good intention aims at. Critical
Of casual evils—motes upon the beam—
The raw brained graduate to the western world

* Dr Standstill gives his opinion of the effect of education.

Wandering, with youth's conceit stands up to mouth
Against his teachers, and fit audience finds
Not loth to hear their absent kith and kin
By strangers slandered and held up to scorn.
Or with his stores of knowledge satisfied,
Contemptuous of the mental poverty
He sees all elsewhere but within—enthroned
In his own wisdom, lags at home and sulks
For want of office, that should at his feet
Spontaneous fall. A petty magazine
Of long nursed rubs and grievances that wait
On foreign rule inflames another. He
Would for his nation * die, but cannot find
His nation. Yet he turns his hate against
The foreign despot, hopeful for the rise
Of national life to hail the tyrant's fall,
Whose tyranny is freedom by the side
Of his sole other choice, dread Anarchy.
And more—no outlet offers yet for all
This discontented lore. The pent-up stream

* See note 1. Appendix.

Swells ever higher, through the barrier soon
To burst, and spread destruction far and wide.

Forwards. You err in thinking that I would propose
To treat mere symptoms. What I say is this.
The seat of illness is the mind itself,
As all our patient's moods, I think, attest.
See how at times he tears his very flesh,
Which he would cherish were his mind still whole,
And writhes as though in anguish, when no pains
Of body touch him—starts and foams at sight
Of innocent acts that tend but to his good.
But what says Pangloss?

Pangloss. You both are much disturbed by what
to me
Seems a most simple matter—one whereon
Deep thought and counsel would be thrown away.
Here is a poor old wanderer whose case
Awaits your treatment. Feeble is his gait
Without or life or spring; his shambling limbs
Move unaccordant; deep trenched furrows score
His time-worn front with writing that no art

Can e'er erase. You, Forwards, would relieve
His sufferings (which in sooth are but the fruit
Of foolish old age), by the exciting power
Of mental stimulants—whereby the mind
Drawn from the narrow confines of the past,
On which an old man's thoughts will fondly dwell,
Kindling with intellectual fire may catch
Glow of that feverish fervour that achieves
Our conquests in those realms whose seeming bounds
Retire as we approach them, opening vistas
Of widening glory, in the far beyond
Of slowly gathered Science. An aged body,
You think, when dealt with thus forgets the weight
Age has imposed. The charnelled mind thus roused
Awakes the startled frame—opens fresh founts
Of life, and, if I reach your utmost thought,
Will stem the stream of nature, nay—force back
Its sore astounded current, and convert
Old age to youth. You, Standstill, would pursue
Your present treatment, leaving the old man
To drivel down the natural steep of age ;

Only so tending him that death may not
With greedy roughness clutch the approaching prey.
To me it seems a most indifferent thing
Which course is followed. If to miracles
Credit be due ; could I believe that youth
By power or cunning could be made to seize
And occupy the citadel of age,
I still must ask myself, why labour thus
For this poor scarecrow ? Were he such an one
As history oft tells of, whose great life
Had strewed the world with blessings—opening paths
Of wealth and happiness to all mankind
Through looming centuries—one whom the world
Could but ill spare, 'twere different ; but the train
Of this man's life, or what we know of it,
Has wanted usefulness—has spent itself
In sound and show and restless wandering.

Forwards. This is no common being. On his
brow

Still bides the grandeur of eventful days
That crowd the fleeting memories of the Past.

To sway him in his wilful moods despite
His stout resistance, and to make him feel
At length the benefit of such a rule
And regimen ; make him desirous, aye
And capable of taking on himself
The task of building up his ancient frame,
Is work of which we shall have right to boast.

*Turning to Standstill.**

For what you urge anent the common cant—
It may be that at first some scum may rise ;
But we must toil for cycles not for days.
There dwells in-working in collective man
An impulse that aye drives on to its end,
Steady—deliberate—though slow yet sure.
Though many wot not of it, the great mass
Heaves with its force and works, its ready slave,
The onward course it points. Should any stand
Aloof and, (hopeless task), to thwart this power
Make effort, the very stones would take their place

* See p. 54, where Dr Standstill depreciates education.

And bear on to the goal. You cannot stay
This social force—as well attempt to arrest
The planets onward sweeping on their track
In majesty and might. Its quickening power
Just now demands that we sow broad the seeds
Of knowledge. Yield they good or bad mayhap
We know not, but we must obey the force
That works within us. For myself I see
Far off a goodly prospect—trees with fruit
Of no ill-favoured bearing ; happy homes,
With equal helpmates apt to household work,
And bright with currency of cheerful thought—
Thought pure as cheerful, having for its fount
Well-springs of wisdom. Happy counsels rule
The villages, whose elders stand aloof
From strifes of past times—born of prejudice—
Ignorance-nurtured—banished with the dawn
Of civic fellowship. For citizens
I see no longer loving to be nursed
By a wry stepmother the State, but glad
To help the State in ruling. Magistrates

Of worth exalted, and in dignity
Towering above their fellows, with their minds
Well poised with learning and experience, lend
A brighter lustre to the picture. Thus
All works in harmony, or what works wrong
Experience daily mends. Your pent-up stream
Raging behind its barrier—soon to sweep
In dire destruction o'er the land—in truth
Has no existence here—will ever prove
The child of fancy—nay, the stream flows on
In even course—unchecked—led off at points
O'er the parched fields, bestowing, as it glides,
Relief, fertility, and plenitude
Of health, content and happy peacefulness.
To have found this prostrate people, as it were
A jewel-wreath along our grovelling path
Of selfish commerce—to have found it thus
Steeped in the foulest mud of ignorance,
Aye and of superstition, so to have taught
And ruled it as to call forth in its heart
The yearning for self-rule and with it too
The faculty of ruling, this will prove

A glory all our own. What though the power
Pass from our deprecating hands ; what though
Dark days beset our progress ; victory
Hide her face from us ; triumph yet is ours—
Triumph that turns not to reverse—empire
Exempt from all decay—the victory
Of rule o'er unrule, and the sober sway
Of order, arts, wealth, morals, letters, laws.*
But dropping this, return we to the matter
On which we met. What say you, Standstill ? what,
Pangloss, say you ?

Standstill. I shall not raise my voice against your
view ;

But can not be responsible to treat
The patient on your plan. You'll not object
To look to him yourself.

Forwards. Certainly not.

Pangloss. So be it then—I care not.

Standstill. I will inform

The Lord Protector that the consultation
Has thus resulted.

* See note 3. Appendix.

ACT III.

SCENE I.*—*A terrace. Palace in the background.*

Enter HARPER.

Harper. My pulses move with a strange quickening
glow ;
And day by day my form still bent with age
Doth gather strength. Scarce need I now this staff ;
And grown less hoary, and with here and there
. A tinge of auburn, fall about my neck
These ancient locks. The furrows on my face
Have raised their deep-set beds which strive to reach
The level of their rugged banks ; nor vain
Their striving ; wrinkled front no more appears ;
No more the dead glazed watery eye of age ;
But in their stead a youthful brow, and flash

* The effect of the new treatment on the Harper.

Of untamed fire of glance. More earnestly
Than ever will I seek my unknown love.
'Tis strange that she has never since appeared
Here where I saw her. Ah ! what loveliness
Revealed that passing vision ! The thought of her
Makes clear my path. The Lady Paramount
I will *not* wed. What like this dame may be
I know not. Daily 'neath her chamber sounds
My Harp ; but her I have not seen. Indeed
How beautiful soever she may be,
I care not. Youth returns, and nothing now
Suffices if I light not on that form
Which passing dazed me with its brilliant light,
And likeness to my lost—still slumbering love,
Who never more will wake. The hour is nigh
That must decide my life. The fates have warned
The Princess she will meet her future lord
At noon to-morrow ; and I needs must go
To pay the looked-for visit. Should she elect
Me as her spouse I am lost, for no refusal
On my part will be possible. Some mode

To avoid this meeting I have hitherto
Failed to contrive ; but still a hope survives
That those great powers who in the past removed
All dangers from my path, will not be slow
To save me also in the new career,
With which they have so wondrously endowed me.

SCENE II.

INTRIGUE * *and the* LADY REDIVIVA.

Rediviva. You wished to see me.

Intrigue.

Madam, I have sought

This interview, desiring to express
The joy which all in great degree must feel,
Upon your restoration from the trance
You lay so long in ; joy which should in *me*
O'erpass the bounds of its excess in those
Whose ancestors were not, as mine, close linked

* Intrigue endeavours to prejudice Rediviva against her old
Lover.

Of little moment now. Were he alive

'Twould be my duty——

Rediviva. Falter not—say on—

Intrigue. But he lives not whom then you loved.

Rediviva. Who knows?

Alas ! *I* know not. If the portents strange,

Which dimly I recall, spoke truth, he lives.

But what of him? Oh! tell me does he live?

Joy harms not. Fear not then to say.

Intrigue. Madam,

I know not. But 'twere well he did not live.

***Rediviva.* Why? Why?**

Intrigue. It was of him I hinted.

Rediviva. Sir.

Be plain and say what you may know of him.

Intrigue. I know no good. But 'twas long ages
past—

'Twas handed down. We know not of it now

Save as it is contained in history.

Rediviva. But tell it—mind me not even if I weep.
Say on.

Intrigue. Ah ! Madam, what avails it now
To speak of what would harrow up your heart ?
In truth, he was not worthy to have lived
To this bright dawning of a happier day.

Rediviva. How judge you ?

Intrigue. By his acts.

Rediviva. Say, what were they ?

Intrigue. Extortion, rapine, murder, pillaging,
Lying and sensuality.

Rediviva. Oh ! God !
I'll not believe it. These were madnesses
That racked his frame disordered by the touch
Of that fell northern scourge, whose brooding cloud
So long hung o'er us.

Intrigue. Possibly, but yet
He lived and revelled in them.

Rediviva. No ! No ! No !
It cannot be. Sir, leave me.

Intrigue. Were you now
To wed him, what would follow ? He would light up
In blaze the cinder heap of smouldering feuds ;

Drag from their hiding many a cast-off garb
Of superseded Royalty, and sow
Direst confusion.

Rediviva. Leave me. [*Exit Intrigue.*]

In my heart

I hold him true ; but this man's words have left
A trail and taint that poison confidence.
The hour approaches when will be fulfilled
The promise of our meeting, if indeed
That promise was not uttered but to bend
Our wills in resignation to the storm
That then o'erwhelmed us.

[Attendant *brings in a letter.*]

A note from one who says he is ordained
To be my husband—asks an audience of me
At noon. None should my husband be but he
My lover in those long past days. But yet
This note is cold—and not one word of love !
No word of all that weary past through which
He must have lived and wandered, if he be

Would flourish ! Should that other gain her hand
What would befall it ? o'er its fertile plains
A blight would hover, and the locust hordes
Of violence and wrong pervade the air,
Fostering all evil and destroying good.
I seem to hear him laugh and hug himself
Exultant at the thought that *he* has won,
Where others of the better kind have failed.
I seem to hear him say :

[Here enter REDIVIVA at the back of the stage.

"To think that I ,

“Dreaded of all men, charged with every crime,
“With murder, devastation, social wreck,
“Should light on this fair guerdon !”

Rediviva [aside].

It was thus

Intrigue spoke of him. Oh! Heaven! must I mate
With such as this? [*Exit Rediviva.*]

Harper.

Yet tempting though it be

I cannot take it. No, my heart is fixed.
Her whom I am in quest of must I find,
And tell her of my love. But first to see

This Lady and let her know, whate'er betide,
I cannot love *her*.

Re-enter attendant.

Attendant. Sir, I am desired to say
That having overheard the very words
In which you paint yourself, my Lady feels
Compelled to send you from her doors unseen.

Harper. It was another's picture that I drew—

Attendant. I am desired to listen to no words.
You have, sir, your dismissal, once for all.

[*Exit attendant.*

Harper. Free! yet I grieve for her, albeit my heart
Is lightened for myself. Once more I am free
To seek my love. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*LAW in the Park near the Palace.*

LAW [*soliloquizing*]. Would that what happened
then could be recalled!
What a sad want is want of tact, and from it
I have much suffered. If only at the time

I could have got it out, I should have said
I had a deep *regard* for Reason, not
Love which old Custom hurriedly supplied.
We ne'er can be united, but what passed
Embarrasses my action.

Enter REDIVIVA.

Lady, I crave
Your pardon for my trespass in these grounds,
Whose quaintness and whose beauty have for me
Ineffable attraction. Had I thought
You took your walks so early, I had not
Intruded at this hour.

Rediviva. Sir! you are welcome.
Speak not the word "intrusion," for your presence
Lends to the scene an element it wants.
Know you the Lady Order? She and I
Were just maturing some elaborate plans
For laying out this wilderness. I'll go
And call her. She but just now wandered off
Beneath yon leafy shelter. [*Exit Rediviva.*]

Law. If I the Lady Order could but win !
I think her heart inclines to me. Perchance
If to the Lady Paramount I could
Impart my story, she would condescend
To help me.

Re-enter REDIVIVA.

Rediviva. I am afraid she has left the grounds.
I cannot find her. Should your steps again
Bring you some other day to this wild haunt,
I hope you'll meet us, and will help our work.
You know the Lady Order?

*Law.** Yes, Madam.
Oh, Madam, there is something I would fain
Impart to you, did I dare do so. Sore
My heart is—very sore. Through *you* I'd seek
To heal it. Dare I ask it? [*He kneels.*] I—I love—

Rediviva [*starting away*]. Sir, you astonish and
alarm me.

Law rises.

Madam !

* *Law*, without intending it, impresses *Rediviva* with the
idea that he wishes his existence to be bound up with hers.

I am deeply grieved to have vexed you, and must
beg

That you'll forgive me. I had hoped—

Rediviva.

Oh! Sir,

If you but knew the state of others' hearts,

You'd know how little capable I am

Of listening further to you.

[Law sorrowfully bows and retires.]

Enter LADY ORDER.

*Rediviva.** Who think you has been here? One
of the Council—

Law.

Lady Order. Ah! Indeed!

Rediviva. Yes. Do you know him?

Lady Order. Well.

Rediviva. He is often at the Palace; I may say
An intimate acquaintance of my own;
And, by the bye, he said that he knew you.

* *Rediviva* communicates her impression to the *Lady Order*.

Lady Order [*aside*].

Said that he knew me ! That's the way he speaks
Of our long friendship !

Rediviva. I have been struck with him.

His look is grand and sphinx-like, as though faith
Revealed far off an end he would fain reach,
An end in which what seems confusion now,
In harmony shall issue.

Lady Order. You seem quite

To have studied him.

Rediviva. Well, I have known him now

Some time ; and do you know, I hardly like
To say what happened, but I think I *must*
Tell *you*. He made me understand that he
Is deep in love : and with whom do you think ?
Why, sweet one, are you ill ? how pale you grow.

Lady Order. Oh no ! 'tis nothing—don't mind me—
the heat

Has slightly overcome me—that is all.

Rediviva. He knelt, talked love and would have
asked my hand.

But I was not prepared for such a scene,
And so cut short our interview.

Lady Order sinks on the ground. I fear
I am ill. The sun must have affected me.

Rediviva. Dear Order, I'm so sorry, go at once
Homewards. I'll come with you and see you safe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Palace.*

LADY ORDER *seated, enter LAW and an Attendant showing him in.*

[*Law bows*].

Law. I called, dear Lady Order, on what to me
Is matter of the utmost moment.

Lady Order. Sir,
I think I had better go and mention it
To the Lady Paramount.

Law. Oh pray! not yet.

Lady Order. Yes, I am sure she'd wish to know
you are here. [Exit.

Law. And thus *again* are shattered all my hopes.
'Tis *she* with whom I fain would talk, and make
To her the offer of my hand and heart ;

And just as ever she will not understand,
But goes to call the princess.

Enter REDIVIVA.

Rediviva. The Lady Order says you wish to see me—
[*Law bows*]. *Rediviva looks at him and her eyes fill
with tears.*

Law. Great heaven! what is the matter? Madam,
say

What has affected you? say, is it in
My power to help you? If it be, command me.

Rediviva [aside]. The past is past.—I cannot walk
alone.

And here is one who loves me, and endures
Tortures of heart for me. I am resolved
He shall no longer suffer. If, mayhap,
I cannot love him with the ardour of
A first affection, yet a *faithful* heart
He shall have to the end.

Law [aside]. What end? what's this?
She is perturbed and talking to herself

In fashion strange.

[*Aloud*].—Madam ! I am quite alarmed.

What *is* the matter ?

Rediviva. Yesterday you said

You suffered from the pangs of love—you took

My hand in your's and looked into my eyes.

Law [*aside*]. I did. It's true—[*aloud*].—I always
am committing

Some error—forgive me, Madam.

Rediviva.* By no means,

Never shall I regard it as an error,

For since that afternoon I have been racked

With the sense of acting so discourteously

As I then did. I would now make amends.

Friend ! dear friend ! I am your's. [*takes his hand*].

Law [*startled*]. Oh ! gracious—Madam !

Rediviva. At present I am overcome—to-morrow

You shall know all. Dear friend ! I am your's for
ever !

[*Exit*].

* *Rediviva* professes to surrender herself to *Law*, who is startled thereat.

Law. This is a startling issue to my visit !
I am ruined quite—that's certain—if I fail
Some mode to light on to get free of this.

SCENE II.*—*A Street.*

Enter HARPER.

Harper. Despair ! Despair ! search and search and
nothing comes of it, and the city is growing wild. If
they knew the state of my heart they would make
allowance for me. But——

Enter OFFICERS OF POLICE.

An Officer. Ah ! here he is, seize him,—you are
charged with breaking into at least fifty houses in
the city.

Harper. Only fifty ! Would it were five hundred,
or more. If I had searched the whole city through,

* The Harper in looking for his new Love is arrested for
trespassing.

I should know whether it were worth while living or not, for I should know whether she is or is not to be found.

Officer. Whom are you seeking ?

Harper. I do not know her name. She is the most beautiful woman in the whole world.

Officer. The man is crazy. Take him quietly to the lock-up. We must make further enquiry about this.

[REDIVIVA *passes accompanied by the Attendant who had conveyed to the HARPER his dismissal.*

Harper. At last I have found her. Oh ! madam, save me. I am in trouble. I have been searching the whole city for you.

[REDIVIVA *turns and looks indignantly at him.*

Rediviva. And can you, Sir, dare to address me after the disclosures you made to me of your character ; of your licentious, abandoned and unfeeling disposition !

[*The HARPER recognizes the Attendant.*

Harper * [*aside*]. Fool that I am ! The Lady Paramount

And she of whom I was in search are one.

And through my folly she is lost to me

For ever.

[*Aloud*].—Listen to me, Lady, if but
For one poor moment. My long wanderings
At length recalled me here in quest of her
Whom after many circling years I hoped
To meet again ; for so it was ordained
By Fate, as I believed, though now I know
I ne'er shall see her more. She must have died.
The name of Rediviva lives no more.
Arrived here, voices reached me from the realms
That lie without this world, directing me
To wed the Lady Paramount. One day
When scarce recovered from the shock this gave
To my long cherished hopes, you passed me by.

* He discovers that his new Love is the Lady Paramount.

New life leapt up within me. Words divine
Might come or go for me. Unite myself
With any but *you* I swore that I would not.
But I was told it was the ordinance
Of heaven—that evil would befall the State
If this design were thwarted, and that then
The Lady Paramount perforce must wed
A very fiend—Sedition. Troubled much
In mind, but still submissive to the voice
Divine that urged me, on the appointed day
I waited on you, bent on speaking out
To the Lady Paramount—yourself—(not knowing
That you and she were one), all that my heart
Should prompt me—trusting you would set me free
Yet, fearing for the evil that would spring
From union of yourself with that dire Fiend,
My teeming thoughts broke out in words to picture
How he would take his fortune ; how would glory
At Evil's triumph. Speaking in his own vein,
As my imagination painted it,
His mocking exultation I presented,

With free admission of his character
Steeped in the deadliest vices. For my own
Your ear mistook it. Vainly since that day
I have been searching for you, and am now
Arrested for the desperate violence
Wherewith I have sought you.

*Rediviva.** Whom, Sir, did you say
You wandered here in quest of?

Harper. One who died
Long years ago, and not a trace survives
That ever she did live. Were I to tell
My story, Lady, you would deem me mad.
We loved and we were separated. Fate
My doom pronounced to wander, her's in sleep
To lie for ages, and thus smoothly slide
O'er all the turmoil of the troublous Past
To the calm Present. She was then to wake.
Our loves again should blossom—so they said,

* *Rediviva*, the Lady Paramount, discovers that the Harper is her old Lover and makes this apparent to him. They are separated by the officers of Justice.

And I with youth renewed and she in bloom
Of beauty never faded should unite.
Alas ! she lives not ! Promises so false
Of her awaking were perchance vouchsafed
To soothe the bitterness of parting.

Rediviva.

No !

She lives—she *did* awake from that long sleep.
The garden—the old trees—our favourite bower—
Glance at me and recall them.

Harper.

Wretch that I am !

What have I done ? My love, my long lost love !
How can you e'er forgive me, that I proved
So false to memories I *had* held so dear.

Rediviva. In seeing me you saw again your love.
What wonder that you loved me ?

Officer. My Lady, I am very sorry, but our orders
are to take him off.

[*The Officers hurry him away. The LADY REDIVIVA,*
appearing stunned, retires slowly.

SCENE III.*—*A mountain-solitude. The three Demons*
 MISRULE, INTOLERANCE *and* INTRIGUE.

<i>Intrigue</i> addressing <i>Misrule and</i> <i>Intolerance.</i>	}	Look ! what I aim at is to terminate The Lord Protector's sway, and to this end Some days ago disguised myself as Custom,
--	---	---

Of whom the Lord Protector wished to take
 Counsel, as by mere chance of Custom's self
 I learning took upon myself the part
 Of message-bearer from the Lord, and sent him
 Home in the full belief his presence was
 No longer wanted at the Court. The garb
 I then assumed in which I best might play
 The part I thus designed to personate.
 Admitted to the presence, 'twas of course
 That my views should be asked on things of moment ;

* Intrigue recommends a certain course of action to be adopted by himself and his two brothers in dealing with the affairs of the Harper and Rediviva.

And specially about the ferment raised
By the Harper's wild proceedings. I advised
Instant suppression of his influence. Had
The Lord Protector followed in the wake
Of my suggestion, popular uproar
Widespread and overwhelming had usurped
The power he wields. Division would have reigned
Triumphant, many a petty State been formed
To tear and to be torn. Then should I live
No longer fettered. But the Lord Protector,
Whether by mother-wit or study deep
Of the end of human actions, met my advice
With arguments against it sound and good ;
And in the very teeth of what I urged
Coaxed, petted, honoured and rejuvenated
Him at whose power he trembled. I essayed
To tell the Princess of the past, with all
Its horror and its blackness, and to ascribe
Its seething evils to her lover, who
I told her lived and revelled in the sight
Of quick succeeding miseries ; that she

Might him forego as reprobate, and take
Suggestion of another—fell Sedition,
Whom I should then have introduced to her.
Vast work for me in this. But this too failed.
The Princess still was faithful to her lover
Of the old days, and would not hear a word
To his prejudice. But now one further chance
Ripens for us. The Harper in despair
At finding not the lady whom he sought,
Raged madly through the city, and is at length
In banishment. The Princess recognized
The Harper, when arrested, as her old
And long expected lover. The Lord Protector,
Inflamed with jealousy and well founded fear
Of the Harper's influence, will seek his life.
We have then several useful elements ;
A persecuted favourite of the mob
Who loves the Princess,—whom the Princess loves.
The Princess whom the Lord Protector seeks
In marriage. If the Lord Protector's rule
Be swept away for ever, new dynasties

May come and go, but we shall aye live on
In endless freedom, with full scope to me
For closely intertwining traitorous ends
With loyal seeming. Nor is this our task
Too arduous. The Harper is in despair,
Through banishment, at losing the Princess.
He feels his present weakness, and the want
Of future means in prospect to regain
A footing at the Court. If we can rouse
Ambition in him, urge him to aspire
Beyond bare union with the Princess—urge him
To gather in his hands the reins of power,
And oust the Lord Protector, all is won.
To prick him to this course he must be shown
Those ills that move the public mind ; but if
These work not on him as they work on those
Who study not to set against the ills
The overweight of good, then one resource
We have more personal, to make him dread
The Lord Protector's love for Rediviva,
Which in the absence of her lover here

May swell to persecution—lay restraint
Upon her liberty and even her life,
As well as his. If not ambition, then
Must jealousy rouse him from his sloth to serve
Our purposes, by setting free the scourge,

[*Addressing MISRULE.*

Your daughter, Misrule, whose ensanguined path
Is marked by devastation, who counts not
Of value that which is and long has been,
But seeks aye to supplant all gradual growth
In laws and common weal, by some set scheme,
Suddenly organized ; and by holding up
A Phantom torch, misguides mankind to wreck ;—
Wreck o'er the precipice of hurried change
From well-worn paths—time-honoured usages—
The firm foundationed edifice of laws
Slow raised and fashioned to the varying wants
Of those who build it, to the untried law
Of social speculation. Say, shall we take
The course proposed ?

Misrule and Intolerance. Aye, this shall be our course.

SCENE IV.*—*The confluence.*

Enter REDIVIVA.

Rediviva. Oh ! my lost one !
But a glimpse of thee
In restraint and difficulty
Through me, through me, whom thou wert vainly
seeking ;
How I long once more to meet thee
Where again thy lavish fancies,
No more withered by the fog mists
Of ceaseless dullard toiling,
In a life that has no brightness, grace or glory,
No more blasted by the rigour of the west
wind,
May attain their wild and beautiful completeness.

* Rediviva, on the way to join her Lover, is obstructed by the meeting of the waters.

Where are the bards
That wont to hang upon thy smiles?
And the dance, and the drama and the song,
That lent their festive sounds,
Mid the drone of the far-heard horn,
What time the bridegroom and the bride
Passed through the dazzled streets,
With joyous bravery?
The pomp and the pageant of the past
And the glory and the dignity of life,
Where have they fled?
Can tradition's voice be true,
That they tried to cross this river
Formed of two confluent streams,
Where the surging waters meet,
And the flood well-nigh swept them all away?
Shall a time come in the future
When the waves shall surge no longer,
But gently intermingle?
Who may tell?

I must now essay to cross it
To reseek my banished lover.
Lo ! it is at my footsteps.
I would cross where the twin rivers meet
That have leapt from the heart of the mountains,
And have sped like the wind on their course,
And their waves where they meet, like dolphins
at play,
Leap aye confusedly one over other.
Oh ! rivers if *you* have come from afar
I too have come from a far-off time.
Unless you make smooth your course,
How can I cross your bright glancing waters ?
What do I hear you say ?
" Your wish to enter our waters
" Will tame in a moment our waves,
" And open a way to your feet."
I will enter. [*Proceeds to cross.*]

SCENE V.*—*A Mountain-solitude. The three*
Demons.

Misrule. It is the hour. The tremor of the earth :
 Rifts in the mountain sides : the sougling wind
 That wakes and dies away in distant moans ;
 Then restless wakes again to bear abroad
 Vague rumours of impending ills, which sown
 Broadcast are straight believed as fitting in
 With time and circumstance, likes and dislikes :
 Proclaim it. Soon shall we be free.

Intrigue. And if
Tongue fail us not with him who comes, mayhap
For ever.

Misrule. Hope not for it. Fate moves on
In one inexorable course. Full short
May be our freedom. Let us use it well.
The visions are prepared wherewith to inflame
His mind whom here we await. The Statutes first—

* The three Demons now prepare to lay before the Harper certain stock grievances.

Then Justice heavily weighted but to swell
Revenue, which from sources yet untried
In great part might be gathered.

Intolerance. Men's beliefs,—

And customs consonant to those beliefs
Forbidden on the hypocritical score
Of large humanity.

Intrigue. High lineage sunk

And battling with the overwhelming flood
Of mere untitled merit—But lo ! he comes !

Enter the HARPER.

*As he enters, the three Demons are released and
advance to meet him.*

*Misrule.** Welcome !

Intolerance. Welcome !

Intrigue. Welcome !

Harper. Great Sirs, I thank you. Hither am I come
To hide me from the hate of those who rule
O'er the proud city, whence I am cast forth.

* Old Misrule animadverts upon modern Misrule.

Misrule. We bid you to our grove, where lofty
rocks

Keep outward guard, and where the labyrinth
Of tangled pathways will mislead the feet
Of those who seek you. Leisure have you here
High thoughts to nurse of what the State doth owe
Your country, and to witness how it fails
From ignorance or from perverseness (scarce
Other than conscious error) to fulfil
That duty. Henceforth not by music's spell,
But by great travail in your country's cause
Hope to be famous. And the visions now
To pass before you shall make clear the woes
That desolate the land, and cry aloud
For retribution.

Visions appear.

1st Vision of people passing in great crowds.

Harper to Demons. And what be these
That in tumultuous crowd press on and on,
Ever increasing?

Intrigue.

These are Statutes framed

By folly. In the national mind they take
No root, nor grow they with the nation's growth.
Nor intertwine their shoots with the new growths
Of national thought ; but stand apart, diverse ;
Not fitting with the nation's wants they soon
Are found to fail ; more Statutes then are framed
To meet the failure—doomed alike themselves
To fail. As though one on a wide-spread plain
Should seek to plant a forest : straight he takes
From distant growing trees many huge boughs
And sticks them in the ground, and fondly thinks
His aim achieved. They wither in a day
And all is labour lost. And wisdom comes
Too late. But hark ! they gibber, and, in sounds
Uncouth, awake the echoes of the grove.

[*They pass out.*

Harper. This vision methinks is false. The
Statutes that we hear condemned are based on
the wants of our common human nature and are
suitable for all mankind ; nor do I think that we

have too many of them, though they do seem to tread with undue haste upon one another's heels.

2nd Vision.—*Enter two Travellers and servants.*

1st Traveller. Well then, what happens is this. He has got my property except a small portion of it which is still in my possession.

2nd Traveller. And you are going to law with him?

1st Traveller. That I dare not do.

2nd Traveller. How so?

1st Traveller. On account of the expense. And indeed it would necessitate my parting with the property still left me. Its value to me cannot be measured in money as it is our ancestral land, and has been in our family many hundreds of years. To raise money for the oppressive stamp duties I should have to mortgage it heavily. I might lose my suit and then I could not redeem the mortgage. Thus our land might be lost for ever.

2nd Traveller. How is this tax justified?

1st Traveller. They say that the people are litigious, and that litigation being so pleasant an amusement may well be paid for.

2nd Traveller. What is it to be litigious?

1st Traveller. To be litigious is, as far as I can understand, to be sensitive as to the violation of one's rights, and to be ready to vindicate them in a legal manner. Surely this should not be considered objectionable.

2nd Traveller. I should have thought not. I suppose all men who are not oppressed, or kept in ignorance of their rights, or prevented by oppressive laws or by oppressive law expenses from maintaining their rights would be what is called litigious.

1st Traveller. Then this being litigious is the natural and proper state of a man of free and independent character, who yet acknowledges the supremacy of the law, and forbears to take the law into his own hands.

2nd Traveller. That is precisely my view. Then the administration of justice being a public matter,

the expense ought to be charged to the public generally, care being taken to provide a penalty for the occasional display of fraud or vindictiveness.

1st Traveller. It might be more than occasional. But as things are now, justice is, one may say, to a great extent stamped out.

2nd Traveller. Then what do you propose to do ?

1st Traveller. I am not going to remain here. I go to join several of my friends. We must wait for the better times that are said to be coming.

2nd Traveller. And yet the Courts are pure, or purer than they were in the old times. Justice is also administered in a more orderly manner, and more scientifically.

1st Traveller. In most cases substantial justice is attainable without science. But order and science are advantages not to be despised and I do not undervalue them. My view is that justice is now so expensive as to be practically unattainable.

Servant of 1st Traveller. Much more expensive than when the Judges of the country took presents.

I know one such who was accessible to all comers, and used to take the money with his own blessed hands, and give judgment accordingly; but as for the present Judges, you have to pay their servants all the same, but God only knows which way judgment will be given.*

1st Traveller. Be quiet, Sir. In such matters as this, there is no room for complaint. [*Exeunt.*

Harper. To dream the cause is won—your lot no more

To furnish sport to haunters of the Courts,
Who crowd to see men writhe, though innocent,
Beneath the false suggestion of a wrong
Ne'er even conceived of, or who hang around
All curious to watch how fares the claim
That springing from mere venom, and being black
With falsehood or with fraud as that wherefrom
It issues, is tricked out and furbished o'er
With saintly gilding, till it comes to wear
An air of justness;—aye to dream 'tis won;—

* See note 4. Appendix.

The rock on which your fortunes might have split
Avoided—then to start, and wake, and find
The doom still threatening ;—this is truest torture !
The few regard law thus, nor rashly close
In legal conflict ; but the many, alas !
Some from pure wickedness—as able so
To wreak their spite on others ; some from want
Of simple pleasures, or as gamblers bored
By what lacks venture, revel in the risks
Of legal doubts and mazes. 'Tis for these
The many who make a pastime of the law,
Restraint is needed ; and the best restraint
That its first steps be costly ; with the end
So pressing, that the sport, if sport it be,
Palls at the price paid for it.

3rd Vision.—Figure representing Discontent.

Spirit of Discontent.

I am the spirit of discontent that dwells
With the shorn pride of many a prostrate house,
For whom no place or part is now permitted

In court or camp. For how can lofty names
Whose sound recalls a stirring catalogue
Of great undying deeds—great in the field
Where in the clash of gleaming steel they won
Or Victory or Heaven eternal—great
In judgment—great in mild and genial sway—
In fostering arts, in winning sympathies,
Aye even of those the humbler o'er whose lives
The state-machine drove roughly—how shall these,
The lofty cedars, deign to bend with bush
And bramble in the low unseemly crowd
Of office hunters, whom the Lord Protector
Thinks fit to honour?

Harper. Call not low those whom
Knowledge and worth embellish. The great floods
That follow such a change as we have witnessed
Will surge and surge ; waters will waters meet
In conflict ; but the time will come when all
Shall settle down in calm, and the great sons
Of noble sires, no less in nobleness
But more in culture, shall that rank assume

For which the exigencies of the time

Unfit their fathers now.

[*Vision passes out.*]

4th Vision.—Spirit of Let-alone.

Harper.

What then is this

New form ?

Spirit. And so thou dost not know me.

Harper.

No.

Spirit of Let-alone. Fair prospect for the future,
that old friends

Are thus ignored ! Far back into the Past

Cast the dull eyes of memory—ere Mogul

Or Afghan mingled with us—ere the Greek

Wrote on our waters, you had known me long.

I was then just what I aspired to be ;

And all around me slept in blessed calm

And sweet inertia, caring but to be.

I am the Spirit of Let-alone pursued

By everlasting worry. Ah ! that old time !

When I was left in peaceful carelessness.

Each stream of circumstances dribbled on

Whither its nature led it. To forecast
Results was then an easy pastime ; now
Things *have* their destination, but are never
Allowed to reach it. Swift there come new plans
And quench the old ones ; and the buzzing flies
Of busy interference fill our streets,
Our drains, our houses and our river sides
With constant torment. This they regulate,
That they prohibit. Scarcely aught is valid
Without some strict formality, for which
A lawyer must be summoned—money paid.
“Stamping” and “registry” are half one’s life.
And yet what gain we from these fretting ways ?
’Tis therefore that all joyous ease gives place
To gride and toil. The miseries of men
Make sad the sun, that in his grief forgets
To draw his following of rain-filled clouds
O’er the parched earth. The proud broad-bosomed
streams
(Nurses of commerce) shrink to rivulets.
The season shifts ; and if perchance rain falls,

It comes too late for husbandry, or bursts
In raging torrents o'er some narrowing gorge ;
Uproots a viaduct or a city drowns—
You smile as if in scorn. Has then the change
The leeches wrought in you brought you to this,
That permanence is hateful ?

Harper [ironically]. Let us back
To what we left.

Spirit of Let-alone. Nay, not so. Let alone
What is.

Harper. Ah ! then in progress lies the grievance.
Welcome stagnation at whatever stage !
This cry I cannot suffer. Would we were
For less of " Let-alone " far more prepared.

[*Vision passes out.*

*5th Vision.—Figure with half-starved shrunken
look, representing Superstition.*

Figure. Aye. Mankind know me and they know
me not.

Condemn me and yet hang upon my words.

But less and less as time runs on they love me.
For ever and anon as greater price
Is set on Reason, an upheaving comes
Which shakes my strongholds, and some ancient tower
Of utmost strength falls prostrate ; thus my life
Is ever 'minishing ; and as one doomed—
A living death I slink about the world.
Yes I—that Superstition that has held
The minds of men through ages—Kings and Priests
'Confessed my loftier sway ; and rendered up
All justice, pity, kindliness of heart
And thought of others' welfare, so that all
The soil of human feeling should grow hard,
Unused to kindly culture.
Fit only for that crop of fiendish deeds
The harvest of my triumph. The castle's lord
Has long oppressed me, and my starving frame
Owes its pinched look to him. This wide-spread
land
Was once my stronghold. Here religion served,
As elsewhere, for a cloak to hideous deeds.

And then I lived. But now from out my mouth
He plucks my prey, and thus I starve and starve.
No widow-burning ; crushing under wheels
Of idol cars ; no infant murder now
Supply my craving maw. [*Passes out.*

Misrule. Another vision now will pass.

*Harper.** No more.

I would no more of such delusive scenes.
Methinks that much that's false is mingled here.
This latest vision but attests the good
Our ruler aims at. Not in vain my cure.
Much that before seemed goodly I now see
Was hateful, devilish. Much that then seemed ill
Now takes a form of grace. Be it mine to abate
The mutterings of fevered discontent
That swell with time and bode but evil things
To this fair land. Alas ! I cannot yet
Return. It would imperil her sweet life.
For so he threatened.

* The Harper refuses to see the grievances in the serious light in which the Three would have him regard them.

Misrule [*aside*].

Failure so far, yet need we not despair.

That other shift have we which he may not

Lightly resist.

Harper [*catching sight of Rediviva*]. What heavenly

vision breaks upon my sight,

And scatters to the winds this moving crowd

Of awful images. It is my love ;

I clearly see her. Now my course is changed.

Now what I would I'll do. My life's my own

For the State's use and her's.

Enter REDIVIVA.

Welcome, my love !

Once more I take thee to my arms as erst

Ere thou didst sleep.

*Rediviva.** Ah ! love ! I know it now—

Those days of old with thee. They have all come
back,

And I feed on them daily. I could not stay

* *Rediviva* joins the *Harper*.

Where thou wert not ; so hither have I come
To join thy fortunes, and to hear the tale
Of all thy wanderings, since that last sad day
When silent with the bitterness of woe,
Each gazing in the depths of wistful eyes,
Hand within hand we sat, till tolled the hour
Foredoomed—and then descended the dark cloud—
The storm burst o'er us, and the lightning played,
And showed the phantom of two giant hands
That urged thee forth. Then—then—one burst of
grief

Broke forth from either. All undisciplined
Our hearts refused to sever, but the hands
Tore us asunder and I knew no more.

Harper. My darling, I shall tell thee all in time.
Long is the story of my wanderings.
But much remains to do ; and for you first
All care is needed. Let us then within
Where the three brothers with a kindly hand
Keep ever spread their hospitable board. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—REDIVIVA *and the HARPER seated at a repast.*

Harper. Be all the weary past forgotten, save
Those first glad years with thee. And yet the thought
Of the bygone years with all their miseries
Brightens the present. The long stormy night
Through which I lived and wandered, with its train
Of battling elements, retires before
Our dawn of perfect joy, which grows apace
Into full day, without a cloud to check
The promise of the future.

Rediviva. Love ! 'tis bright
And joyous as a morning in springtide,
When earth's long sleep is ended, and the sap
Stirs in the trees, and woodland voices soft
Or shrill make melody, and hail the dawn

Through fresh-clad vistas breaking. But who comes
Of uncouth aspect and with rabble rout,
To trespass on our happiness?

Enter MISRULE.

Harper. Misrule,
One of the Giant Brothers, whose high hands
Have shaped our destinies.

Misrule. Madam and Sir,
From interrupting fain would I forbear.
But a great duty urges. In the past
Ere sleep o'ercame you, Madam,—ere you, Sir,
Went forth to wander—there was born to me
A daughter who still lives, but lives (alas !)
In fetters. Jealous of the high renown
That she should gain in arms, and by the spell
Of her first glance, which (so the prophets sang)
Should draw all hearts unto her, that miscreant
The Lord Protector, by his skill in charms,
So practised on her, that enclosed in stone
From the waist downwards to this day she sits.

This fiendish wrong 'twas prophesied that you,
Sir, should redress. Long lingering years have
passed.

At length the hour has come. For know you not

[Addressing the Harper.]

At what the Lord Protector aims? No less
Than at your life. No otherwise can he
Achieve his dream of union with her
Whose heart is yours. Think what this means, that
she

But just awoke in maiden vigour, high
In youthful aspirations—capable
Of all that's great and noble—must be bowed
To a will uncongenial she may strive
To work with, but her efforts will be vain.
Hast seen a cloud with towering head, and arms
Outstretching into space? Brief while it seems
Intent on some great purpose as it sits
In majesty composed ; and then its form
Is sudden rounded off to smooth content,
With failing energies. The mark of Will

Slides from it, leaving but an idle mass—
A huddled Memnon on a moving ridge—
Decrepit, and no longer worshipful,
The wandering vavassour of wayward winds.
Thus will she drift without a purpose, all
The spirit and the energy to will
Having left her. Think, moreover, of yourself.
Ward off the threatened danger. Greater foe
None has he than my poor imprisoned daughter ;
None more impelled to vengeance by her wrongs ;
None wielding so great power. Her glance sheds
A promise of redress to grievances
For each and all ; and thus the unquestioning
crowd—

Each man a nucleus of vague discontent—
Will hurry to the standard. Victory
Is certain. Hasten to the work and do.
Aye, hasten, for time presses.

Rediviva.

Love, do not go.

My heart misgives me that some ill will come
From this stone-fettered woman, whose first glance

Shall draw all hearts unto her. Leave me not
At beck of this rude unkempt sorcerer.
Let *him* his daughter disenchant.

Harper.

*My Queen !

I cannot disobey behests of Fate.
I go at bidding of Misrule to work
That which the hour demands. Rest love, in peace.
A few swift moments will recall me here,
Where my heart lingers. [*Exit with Misrule.*]

SCENE II.†—*Large Hall, dimly lighted.*

The HARPER standing in perplexity.

Harper. Great Heaven ! what may this mean ?
what awful form
Fled from me ? was I doomed to set at large
This monster, passing beautiful in bonds ;

* Jealousy induces the Harper to set free the spirit of Revolution.

† The Harper, horrified at the spirit of Revolution when seen in its true guise, resolves to follow and suppress it.

When freed, appalling in her hideousness?
But lest thou ravage through the land and mark
Thy way with blood, that ever would cry out
With curses on the man who set thee free,
I will pursue and slay thee.
Oh ! you the genii of this mystic haunt,
The vassals of Misrule, I bid you now
Your master summon. He it is whose hand
Through me — his instrument — has launched a
 scourge,
A fiend, a monster, whose long whetted tooth
Hungers to batten on the prostrate realm.
Him would I punish, him your Lord, whose tongue
Mised me to this course. You answer not.
You will not call him ; nay perchance his limbs
Are once more chilled in their stone bonds. So fades
The dream of opposition to that rule
Which he denounced as evil ; and which I,
Scared by the picture that he drew of ills
That might befall my love, had lent myself
To o'erthrow. But I must hasten.

Enter INTRIGUE.

Ah ! Intrigue !

Whence come you ?

Intrigue. From your Lady. She desires
News of you ; and I said I'd do my best
To learn what had befallen you. Say now,
Have you set free the daughter of Misrule ?

Harper. Set free ! aye, such a monster ne'er was seen
Upon God's earth. I hasten after her.
Delay me not. I must be gone. Or e'er
She gain the time to set the land in flame,
My sword must slay her.

Intrigue. Nay, but just one word—
One sign of love to Rediviva—one——

[*Harper gives his ring.*]

Harper. Take this and tell her 'tis my gage of a love
That ne'er grows cold. But business of the State
Still keeps me from her, though my heart much yearns
Again to greet her ; and in no long time,
This task dispatched, I lay me at her feet.
Farewell. [*Exit, and afterwards exit Intrigue.*]

SCENE III.*—(*The Cavern of SCENE I.*)*Enter* INTRIGUE.

Intrigue. The field's again my own for a short space.
What is this power, grave and mysterious,
That not with pomp and pageant, but with rule
Strict and exact o'ermasters us? to soft
Persuasion and to flattery stone deaf;
To violence a rock immovable?
Be these, our rulers, *Gods*, who far removed
From our fond earthly passions, full of all
Good things and wanting nought from us, themselves
Sufficient for themselves, as little yield
To outbursts of the fiend that underlies
Our galled subjection, as to luxury
And soft desire and dalliance? No—but *men*,
The merest mankind. Yet we gain not ground
By cunningest methods—Misrule's daughter loosed

* *Intrigue*, though he recognizes the irresistible powers of the Lord Protector's Government, is bent on trying one more chance.

From bondage, moving on congenial tracks,
Raged for a time, and lighted up wide flames
O'er all the land ; but her cause would not spread—
All futile proved, and mocked her efforts. Then
As some old toothless dog, remembering days
Of bygone strength, springs gnashing in his wrath
At one he hates and whom he fain would rend ;
Now mindful of lost power stops short and moans ;
And now, distracted with the conflict grown
'Twixt will and power, slinks kennel-ward, abashed
At show of hate all impotent ; so she
After vain efforts slunk away and died
Or e'er the avenger reached her.
But now for Rediviva. That her lover
No longer cares for her shall be my tale.
This note which I have written as from him
To Misrule, shall confirm it ; and the ring
I'll put to purposes he dreamt not of.
If she believes my story she'll return
To the Palace. This will place her more within
The Lord Protector's power, who, I doubt not,

Will now again essay to win her love ;
And to prevent a second wandering,
Will to the Castle bounds confine her. Then
The Harper moved with jealousy, once more
Essays to overturn this hateful power.
I see it all.

Enter REDIVIVA.

She does not see INTRIGUE.

Rediviva. He comes not. A whole day has
passed and fears
Oppress me. Yesterday no message came
Nor tidings ; nor has that uncouth old man,
Well named Misrule, revisited this Hall.
What may it mean ? The spell of her first glance
Perchance has worked upon him. Have her charms
Lured him from me ? Not so. A heart so true
Is proof against enchantment. Centuries
Have proved his steadfastness. His heart ne'er
swerved
From his first love. Yet how to construe this ?

He comes not ! He is dead ! The sorceress,
Who for some monstrous deed perchance was thus
Confined in stone bonds, has destroyed my love !
Yet no one comes ; nor know I where to go
To seek for news in this wild solitude.

[*Sees* INTRIGUE.

Rediviva. Oh ! tell me, Sir, why comes he not ?

Intrigue.

Madam,

He is on urgent business still engaged ;
At least so speaks he of it. What to one
Is trifling, to another oft will wear
An air of great importance.

Rediviva.

Where is he ?

And what may he be doing ?

Intrigue.

Well, Madam,

What he is doing 'twould be difficult
For me to tell you : business saw I none.

Rediviva. Where is he, tell me plainly, and what
saw you

With your own eyes ? nay, speak at once, delay not.

Intrigue. He is with that siren, Misrule's daughter,
whom

He has set free.

Rediviva. What needs she of his presence,
When once delivered from her bonds?

Intrigue. Nay, Madam,
I cannot say. When last I saw the two—
But no, I see it pains you.

Rediviva. Your delight
Is still to torture me with barefaced tales,
Whose untruth I have once already proved.

Intrigue. What I! no! no! rather cut off this
hand
Than charge me with untruth. I say, I saw them—
Well! no, I will not tell you, you will say
In this too there is falsehood.

Rediviva. Nay! say on;
There can be nothing bad to tell of him.

Intrigue. They sat at meals, and she reclined her
head
Upon his neck—he drank to her, and peered

Into her lovely eyes, and seemed to drown
His soul beneath that sea of beauty. Me
At first they saw not. When at length aware
That I was with them, they sat back with looks
Of forced propriety ; she from her finger
Took off this ring, and begged me carry it
To her father with her greeting—give him joy
Of her restored condition, and this note
Deliver from the Harper.

Rediviva.

What ! to me ?

[*Seizes the note.*

Intrigue. No, madam, pardon—to Misrule—

[*REDIVIVA has meantime conned the note, and looking
at the ring, says—*

The ring—

Pray let me see the ring.

Intrigue.

Certainly, Madam.

Rediviva. As I supposed, 'tis mine. How came
she by it ?

To him I gave it. Could he give it her ?

Oh ! faithless ! and this note—all lost ! all lost !

Intrigue. Nay, Madam, do not thus disturb your
mind,

With what is after all a fleeting scene

Of casual passion. I will seek Misrule

And bring him to you straight. [*Exit.*

[*REDIVIVA falls prostrate, but after a few seconds
revives and rises.*

Rediviva.

I must return

To the city whose dark towers frown o'er the ridge

Of yonder distant hills. There must I wait

The issue. Be it ill, before me *death*

Will kindlier stand, than lingering death-in-life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.*—*A room in the Palace.*

Rediviva. At last, then, it has fallen, the blow has
fallen !

At length I feel the wound—can gauge its depth.

* Despair of Rediviva.

And yet I live ! I who ten thousand deaths
Had dared for him if he had needed it ;
And would die gladly now if death but came
To call me, but he will *not* come, and I
Must mourn and mourn. Could I forget the Past,
The sweet, sad Past ! I can't believe 'tis he
Who was my lover in the days gone by.
He must have died and in his stead the Fates
Have sent another to whom our Past is nought.
He had no part in it. It was not he
Who in those distant days ere yet he knew
My heart, would come with quivering lip, and face
All anxious ; and with awkwardness would give
The simplest greeting—awkwardness of love ;
For ever hovering near would do and say
The foolishhest of foolish things—to me
Dearest of dear. For I saw clearly through
His words and actions that he was distraught—
Distraught by love—oh ! love, how lovely was
That time ! those sunny days ! before the death
Of all our hopes.

[Sits with her head leaning upon her hand.]

SONG.—*By a voice some little way off.*

She sat with her raven hair down flowing,
Her forehead upon her hand ;
And the breeze through the open casement
blowing,
The sad tears softly fanned.
A letter lay crushed in her lap bedewed
With the swiftly falling tears ;
And the sea of her storm-tossed soul was strewed
With the wreck of the drifted years.
It was mournful to peer through the roll of years,
On the birth of a wasted love ;
On the pile of dead hopes, and now faded fears,
That lay the dead hopes above.
It was sad to recall from the buried past,
Her false lover's words of faith ;
While the cloud of despair was descending fast,
To enshroud her in living death.

Perchance in a future of distant days,

Fresh hope in that heart may glow ;

But there broods o'er the calm of that lone lorn face,

A sense of abiding woe. [*Voices without.*

Rediviva. What means this threatening noise ?

This tumult of strange voices ? Ho ! without.

An Attendant appears.

Rediviva. What noise is this ?

Attendant. Madam has heard the news ?

Rediviva. What news ?

Attendant. The Harper is seized and is now being taken as a prisoner to the castle.

Rediviva. Tell me when he was seized, and where, and wherefore.

Attendant. For days past he has been believed to be leading some thousands of discontented people against the castle. Information was obtained three days ago that he was in a wood twenty miles to the north of the castle. Troops were sent there

and he was immediately taken. It was then found that he had only assembled these people to assist him in destroying a wild beast which he was pursuing. But as he had broken his banishment, he was retained in custody, and is now going off to prison.

Rediviva. When was he seized?

Attendant. Two days ago.

Rediviva. If that be so, this letter at least, thank God, is a forgery! It pretends to have been sent yesterday from the grove of Misrule. Oh! love! if this be true, thou art yet my own! [*Exit hurriedly.*

Enter LORD PROTECTOR.

Lord Protector. The Harper is secured and must
be now

Robbed of all power. Our Lady is returned.

I still am Lord; and still there is not one

Who dares come forward for our Lady's hand.

Marry she must, for with the anxious cares

Of this great kingdom on her, walk alone

She cannot. I shall try my fate to-day;

Nor can I doubt success. Her foolish craze
For that old felon Harper's music now
Must leave her. So pre-occupied no more
With thoughts of past times which his strains would
raise,
She will be free to give my suit due thought.

SCENE V.—*Enter first LAW and afterwards*

LADY ORDER.

[*She does not at first perceive LAW.*

Lady Order. Dear Lady Rediviva, I had thought——

[*Sees LAW and appears embarrassed.*

I beg your pardon, Sir ; I had supposed
The Lady Paramount was here.

Law [aside].

Thank God !

Another opportunity is mine.

[*Aloud*]. The Lady Paramount is out, but I
Am asked to wait. Dear Lady Order, now
Pray, for a little, hear me—leave me not
As when I last was here—

Lady Order.

I understood

It was the Lady Paramount you called
To see. Some days ago—she mentioned to me—
Before her journey to the wilds——

Law [aside].

Ah ! yes.

I see it now. [*Aloud*].—But, my dear Lady Order,
Am I not right in thinking—that's to say
In *hoping*—that is *daring*—*venturing*
To hope that——

Lady Order.

And do *you*, Sir, think I can

Put up with half a heart? To the Princess
The other half you have given. To her you spoke
Slightly of me, if report be true.

Law. I am mad with love and know not what I
do.

All that I did was to commence a prayer
That she would help me in my suit with you.
Something I said of love—my attitude
And words, perchance, a wrong impression made.

[*Aside*]. Oh ! may she never know what next
occurred !

[*Aloud*]. But pardon all. If I have erred 'twas thus.

My thoughts were all of you ; and, highly wrought
By love, were thus unfitted to contend
With the mischance that happened to me then.
Say you'll be mine !

[LADY ORDER *looks down, he takes her hand and
kisses it.*

My early—*only* love.

[LADY ORDER, *smiling at him through her tears,
walks quickly out.*

Law. At last then, I am happy—and yet—but no—
Yes ! there is something on my mind. Ah ! yes,
That troublesome affair with Reason—and
Oh ! heavens, what am I to do about
The Lady Paramount ? Wretch that I am !
Three of them all at once !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.*—*A room in the Palace.**The* LORD PROTECTOR *and* REDIVIVA.

Rediviva. It cannot be. Grateful I feel and
proud
To have gained your love—but you I *cannot* love.
You are too much above me, and my heart
Meets not response from yours. Look not so sad ;
Lovers must often fail to win the loved.
The fond sun ever woos the gauzy mist
That goes a little towards him, then returns
In headlong patter to the yearning earth.
You draw me towards you, but my heart flies
back
To less-o'erwhelming brightness, where soft fall
The shadows, and the fret and stir that mark
Your movements in the dusty toilsome day
Are tempered to my nature ; there my heart
Finds full life, yet repose : its other self :

* The Lord Protector is finally rejected.

Its perfect complement. You know the orb—
The rare appearing orb that interlinks
Alien sun systems, and whose sweep through space
Fires a bright glowing atmosphere about
His mass, that like a train his sun-ward course
Follows in scattered gold, streaming far back
To where the lately startled æther flood,
Whose ruffled breast trembled oppressed with light,
Settles in crystalline transparency,
Without a ripple. You, meseems, are like
This restless, bright-trained star. We more resemble
Some planet less ambitious, with a range
More limited and humble ; not aspiring
To ampler bounds or swifter course, but bent
On following for aye one sober track,
And shining, if need be, with borrowed light,
To the end of time. I pray you, be content
To have my gratitude, and high respect
And reverence ; and I would you ever held
Your post of guardian, for we eastern dames
Through life need tutelage. Look not so sad ;

It grieves me. Trust me that I know full well
The great things you have done ; how this my realm
Without you had been plunged in deeper ill
Than what your puissant arm has plucked it from.
How you have raised it by wise laws, and by
Exact good faith, till all the nations round
Feel lost beside our greatness. Let not then
The bray of misused eloquence, and flight
Of venomous rounded periods issuing
In a swift stream of baseless calumnies,
With clamour loud for freedom, lead the world,
Hitherto envious, to doubt the gain
Your rule has been to us ; but yet withal
I cannot love you.

Lord Protector. Lady, I have your answer. That
content

Therewith I can be, I must not pretend.
I am sore heartsick—all my thoughts and hopes
And acts—no idle builders—to this day
Have long looked forward, as the fabric rose
Of this great Government ; as court to court

They added, and as tower on tower they raised,
The old grey pile concealing, which for times
Long past alone was fitted ; and I dreamed
That on the appointed day you would unite
Your destinies with mine. The day has come ;
And for *me, passed*. But yet 'tis mine to see
That all is not in vain, and that your choice
Be worthy of your greatness. And meseems
Even *now* the lot can on no other fall.
A husband must you have ; nor can you hope
'For order in your realm, if from among
Your own you wed ; nor could I brook to play
The petty rôle of patching up the power
Of some poor foreign despot, upon whom
Your choice might fall. For, mark me, liberty
To whose results you owe your greatness, starves
All elsewhere but with us. Our rule alone
With order gives you freedom. If there lack
To freedom its *best* fruits, 'tis but because
Its growth is slow. But I await your will.

Rediviva. No foreign despot is my choice. On *that*

Make your mind easy. Through my life there runs
The rich warm current of my eastern blood,
Whose pulses beat responsive to the voice
And touch of mine own people. Contact with
All else, is as the tide that ebbs and flows
Along the unheeding shore. And know that since
My infancy, but *one* has held my heart,
Or e'er will hold it. Fain would modesty
Refrain from speech. But delicate maidenhood
Has here no place. As ruler of my land
I must make choice, and so must needs unfold
The secrets of my heart. First would I crave
A favour of you.

Lord Protector. Name it.

Rediviva. I would see

The Harper.

Lord Protector. That may not be.

Rediviva. Why? say why?

Lord Protector. I fear 'twill pain you, for you had,

I know,

A reverence for his genius, which in truth

Drew all the people to him. They, like you,
Were spell-bound by his strains. He put his art
To evil purpose when he sought to move
The passions of the mob, and at one swoop
Replace the greatness of our rule for that
Of peddling harpers, mountebanks and quacks !
His influence for ill will cease to-day,
Confined within strict bounds, and separated
From contact with the world for evermore.

Noise without. Attendant enters.

Attendant. My Lord ! the Gaoler desires to speak
with you [*noise and shouting*].

Lord Protector. Admit him.

Gaoler. My Lord ! I endeavoured to carry out
your orders as to the Harper ; but find that I am
powerless. He has broken out of the three strongest
cells, built in the foundation walls of the castle.
Nothing will keep him in. Locks, bolts, bars and
iron doors fly to pieces at his touch, and the very
foundations of the castle are much shaken. He is

quiet enough when plenty of room is allowed him.
I have him here now for your orders.

Lord Protector [aside]. If confinement will not serve I must resort to suppression.

[Aloud]. Bring him in. A warning will probably bring him to reason.

The HARPER is brought in heavily fettered.

REDIVIVA goes rapidly up to the HARPER and leads him forward. The HARPER is instantly transformed to a young man. His fetters fall off.

REASON enters and goes up to the LORD PROTECTOR, who had covered his face with his hands, and takes one of his hands.

LAW and ORDER enter. ORDER pairs off with LAW.

*LORD PROTECTOR * to REDIVIVA.*

Forgive me. I was mad with love, and if
I erred 'twas all to benefit the State.

* The Lord Protector gives way on finding that the prophecy is fulfilled. The revived nationality, united with and cleaving

Rediviva. Part for my Kingdom ; more, Sir, for yourself.

But peace ! Let no ill-omened grating sounds
Fret the full concord of our happiness.
Reason has loved you long, and 'tis full time
You should repay her love, by taking her
To be henceforth your counsellor and guide
In this Protectorate ; which I foresee
Shall long continue, till our nation's growth
Is strong in perfect self-development,
Each part cohering with the rest, and trained
To yield ungrudging service. Guard as ever,
And still more watchfully than heretofore,
'Gainst overlaying us with thin veneer
Of foreign customs alien to our own,
And laws the growth of usages begot
Of thought that moves not in the track of ours.
As branch from trunk, or as the fruit from tree,
Grows framed and fashioned in accordant form—
to the old national aspirations newly re-endowed with youth,
places itself once more under the control of the Lord Protector.

Endowed with all the functions that respond
In energy to that from which it sprang—
So to express the natural tendencies,
Common belief, collective consciousness,
And aim of every people should the laws
Be moulded, which its outcome are and fruit.
It rests now but to recognize the happy
Union of Law with Order. Justice should
No longer be discounted to supply
The means of doing justice—

But a truce

To these monitions, which too solemn sound
For our glad mood. Aye, let the bells ring out
The troubles past, ring in the coming peace,
When Good shall triumph, and all Ill shall cease.

SONG.

I awoke, a cloud was round me
O'ershadowing the past
Of the sleep that had bound me
In fetters fast.

But the cloud has now been lifted,
And hope that long had drifted,
In the haven that is found me
Has anchored at last.

SCENE VII.—*The Sea Shore.*

Enter DIEGO, *1st Tidewaiter*, and JACQUES, *2nd Tidewaiter*.

2nd Tidewaiter. So at last they are united. I should hardly have expected it under the rigid rule of the Lord Protector.

1st Tidewaiter. Perhaps it was not so rigid as it appeared. But what I am astonished at is the Harper. The change wrought in him is indeed wonderful.

2nd Tidewaiter. Yes, the Harper was a queer customer, and I did not think the Doctors knew how to manage him.

1st Tidewaiter. Well, nothing much was done while Dr Standstill attended him.

2nd Tidewaiter. And what was his management?

1st Tidewaiter. Letting the old fellow alone.

2nd Tidewaiter. Ha! ha! why, I could have done that.

1st Tidewaiter. No! it isn't so easy, I can tell you, when a man's fidgety as this old fellow was. You or I would be tempted to do all sorts of things with him.

2nd Tidewaiter. Yes, I should probably have put him in a strait waistcoat, or at least not let him play those tantrums. I very nearly had independent charge of him once, but, fool that I was—Ah! well! it doesn't do to talk about.

1st Tidewaiter. Well, you know I was here before you and——

2nd Tidewaiter. Yes, and a sorry affair you made of it. But do you happen to have heard what was the cause of this last illness?

1st Tidewaiter. Oh! it is the old story. It is that poison he took ages ago. They gave him, you know, large doses of Timurate of Tartar once, which

he has never worked out of his system ; and I'm told there's a man who hates the Lord Protector, and is suspected of a design to give us all some more poison of the same kind. A fellow who is always changing his place so as to get nearer and nearer here. They say he has for a long time had a design of this kind on the Lady Paramount and her husband.

2nd Tidewaiter. I never cared about the Lord Protector, or for Doctors Standstill and Pangloss. But I have a respect for Dr Forwards, and I could not stand the inhumanity of such a project. If that fellow should attempt anything of the kind, I should help to arrest him. What is his name ?

1st Tidewaiter. Ross, Russ or something of that kind. He's said to be a regular Tartar.

2nd Tidewaiter. Oh ! that's the fellow, is it ?

1st Tidewaiter. Yes, that's the one. You've been to England, haven't you ? Don't they talk a good deal about him there.

2nd Tidewaiter. Aye, they talk and write about

him, and try to persuade themselves he doesn't mean any harm. They are very fitful, and alternately make light of him and attach importance to him. But at times there's a devil seizes them that nothing can master, and when they next get a fit of the kind, I expect they will try to dislodge him from his present quarters. But look ! what is this that is rising from the sea, and advancing towards us ? It would seem to be some nymph or goddess of the sea ; she frowns and looks vexed.

1st Tidewaiter. Be silent : she is about to speak.

Sea Goddess. Why linger ye upon my borders, where
No work awaits you more ? The days are gone
When the great land skirted by my domain
Felt, through its stagnant mass, the stir and thrill
Of fresh-loosed pulses that the adventurous West
Set beating, when I bore you on my bosom
Hither with commerce, laws, religion, arts
• And arms all strange and startling ; and the East
Was leavened by the West. But you, [*to Diego*]
though now

I have not aught against you, quickly sank
In vice and superstition to the level
Of what it was your part to purify ;
You [*to Jacques*] like a brilliant star shot up, nor fell
Till you had all but reached the utmost point
Ambition soared to. Even your downward course
Was full of honour. Nor shall those great names
That built your glory, and that graced your fall,
Fade ever from remembrance. Your successor—
Erst your successful rival—now gives laws
To most, and lends his influence to all
Within these boundaries ; all has bound together
In one firm mass ; and needs but time to make
The impress of his sway so stamp the land,
That it shall ever wear it on its face
Through all the ages ; and the world shall say
“ Much though in *other* regions he has wrought
“ *Here* is his proper glory ! ” Wherefore stay ye ?
Leave ye the work to him, the Lord Protector.

Jacques. May it please your foam-clad majesty, 'tis
true ;

Work there is little for us ; but the heart
Clings to past glories ; and we linger here
Because our honour brooks not we should part
Wholly from scenes of former triumph. Also
The turn of chance, we think, e'er long may raise
Our fallen grandeur, or contract the range
Of the Lord Protector's power ; which happening,
we,
Waiting the tide, may seize it at the flood,
And float to fortune. For the Lord Protector
Grows careless. Much is now relaxed that once
Lay fast and firm, and what may soon befall him
We would, here lingering, watch.

Sea Goddess. Learn, then, from me
How glows the next page of his great career.

SONG.—Why droops the pride of Britain ?

Why close her eyes in sleep,
While threatenings from the dark storm
cloud,
Peal o'er the shame-struck deep ?

Her armour here and there she lays,
O'er the world scattered wide ;
And idly blinks in slumber
The Lion by her side.

Not thus in bygone ages
Was Britain wont to lie
Silent among her fellows,—reft
Of outward majesty.
Upstanding then with lofty mien
She blew but a trumpet call,
And the pride of her might sprang forth
to fight
From low cot and lordly hall.

From the world's forefront of battle
Shall her proud array recede,
Till lost within the advancing tide
Of luxury and greed ?
Or is that knightly spirit dead
That, with far-reaching sight,

Saw but in duty, glory ?
Saw honour but in right ?

Ah ! no. Nor locked in slumber
Nor lost to honour she.
She but rests awhile in the breathless race
Of onborne liberty.
So resting she with careless might
Recks not of outward foes ;
By her people's love well guarded,
Bides she in calm repose.

Once to the conflict risen,
From Freedom's vantage-tower
She shall peal forth dread notes of doom,
And launch long garnered power ;
In giant hold shall grasp her foes,
And hurl them headlong down,
And o'er their shattered legions
Ride forth to new renown.



APPENDIX

NOTE 1, p. 55.—It is implied throughout this little work that India has a national life. This idea, I am aware, does not find universal acceptance. And, indeed, we cannot with propriety speak of India as ever having possessed a nationality in the sense of the races of which its population is composed, having been homogeneously gathered together into one kingdom under a single Indian ruler. Yet there seems to be no incongruity with the facts of history in attributing to its peoples, prior to the Mohammedan conquest, the enjoyment of a certain national life based upon common laws and customs, common traditions, a common religion, common aspirations, and a common national tone of thought and feeling, social and religious. With the spread of the Mohammedan conquest, these common bonds would be modified and relaxed. But English rule, which has consolidated so many of the broken-up kingdoms of India, and which proceeds upon the righteous system of governing India not for the benefit of the conquering race but for that of the people of India, has tended to revive the dormant idea among the populations comprised in the various races and languages, that they belong to one

common nation and country. With this revival the old national community of feeling comes again into prominence. Its aims are in many respects in conflict with the principles on which the English Government proceeds, and are dangerous to the permanence and stability of that Government. I have endeavoured to represent the sort of struggle that has taken place between the aim of the national genius to assert itself, and that of English rule to keep it in check. By means of education, a good direction has been given to the national tendencies, and they have thus been rendered less hostile to English rule. Education and local self-government and the conviction which must, however gradually, gain ground, that our measures aim at and tend to the protection of life and property, and to the advantage of the people of India generally, will in time, I believe, to a great extent reconcile them to a foreign domination, though it is impossible that they should ever wholly acquiesce in a rule based on and actuated by principles of thought entirely different from their own.

NOTE 2, p. 45.—The Mohammedan sway.

NOTE 3, p. 62.—The readers of Macaulay will recognize this as a versification of a portion of one of his finest speeches.

NOTE 4, p. 102.—This sentiment of the servant is taken from Sir James FitzJames Stephen's Minute on the administration of justice in India.

ANALYSIS

AS the nationality revives, the ancient national aspirations return.

The revived national feeling, craving after something of which it is only dimly conscious, is attracted by the tone of the old national aspirations.

Desirous that the revived nationality should be closely united with himself, the Lord Protector is jealous and apprehensive of the excitement caused by the national aspirations. He places a check upon them, which he finds it necessary to remove; and finally determines to modify them through the means of education. This purpose is carried out by the exertions of the advocates of Progress.

The revived nationality, under a misapprehension, entertains a prejudice against the remodelled national aspirations, until they both discover that they are old friends long ago separated.

But the national aspirations, having become too wild and turbulent to be recognized under the rule of the Lord Protector, are forced to take refuge with Misrule, Intolerance and Intrigue.

The revived nationality yearning to associate itself

with the national aspirations in their altered form, follows in their track and in doing so has to encounter many difficulties, but at last overtakes them.

Misrule, Intolerance and Intrigue endeavour to excite the national aspirations with vivid representations of the evils of the Lord Protector's Rule, and though unsuccessful in this, in the end move them through a feeling of jealousy to set loose Revolution, which (horrified at its immediate consequences) they at once endeavour to suppress. It dies away however of itself. The revived nationality returns to the protection of the Lord Protector, under a belief that the national aspirations have come to be implicated with Revolution.

The national aspirations are arrested and checked. The Lord Protector endeavours to effect a closer union between himself and the revived nationality. The national aspirations gain heart, and when the revived nationality is finally carried away by the national aspirations, the Lord Protector ceases to push his proposals for closer assimilation of the revived nationality with himself. Finally the revived nationality, in close union with the national aspirations, comes again under the control of the Lord Protector.

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